

DECEMBER, 1925

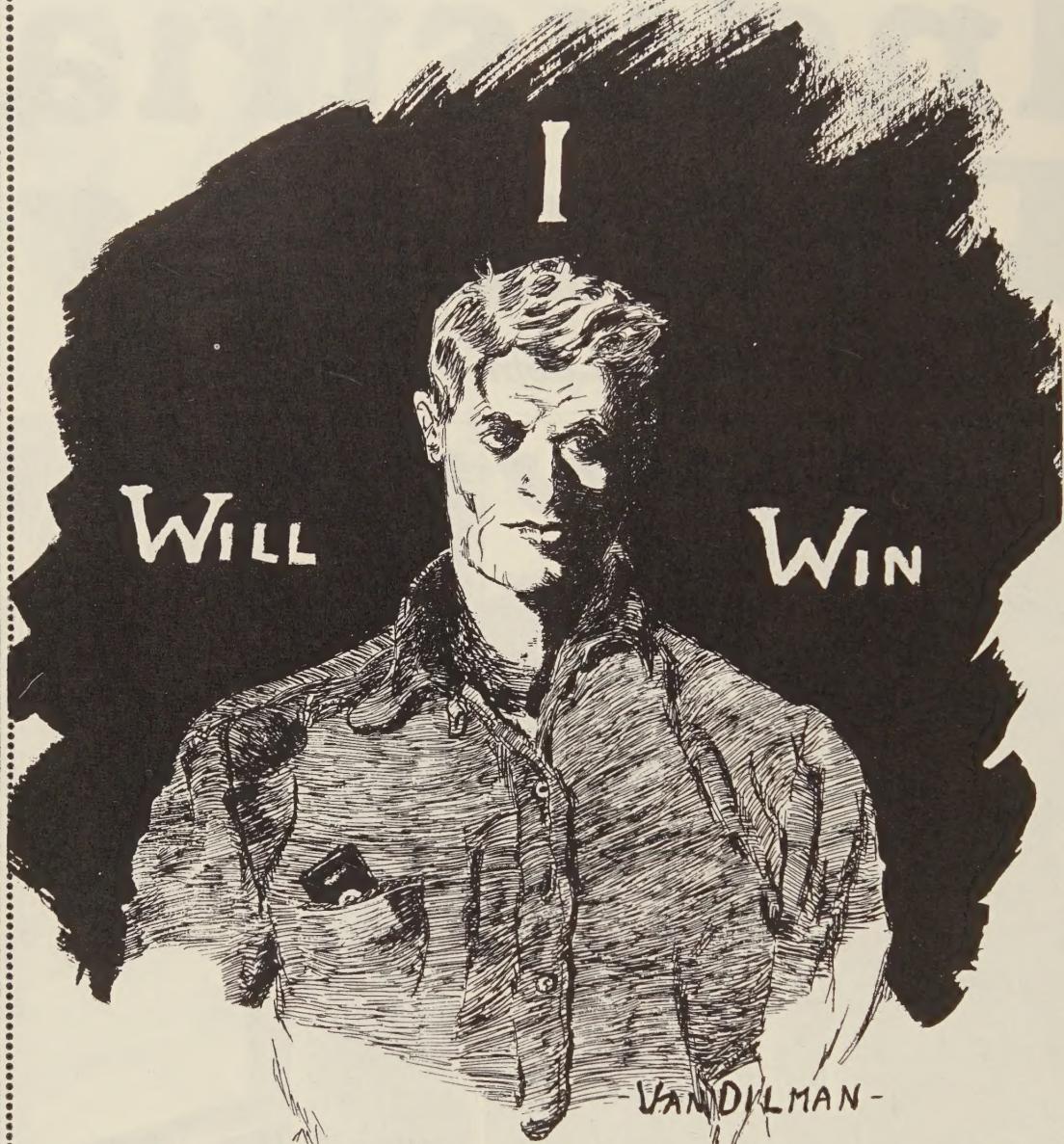
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Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine



Good Cheer and Xmas Jollity



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

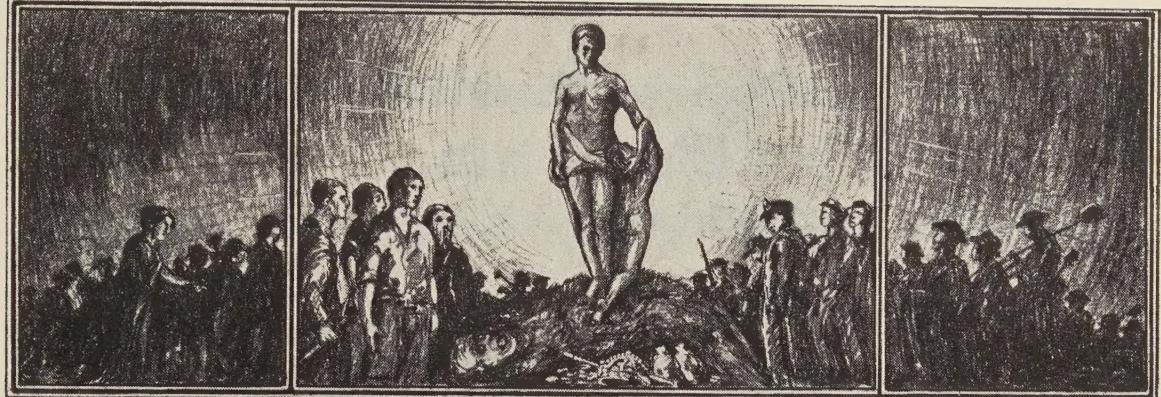
The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all the members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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Editorials

CALIFORNIA ADOPTS PEONAGE.—

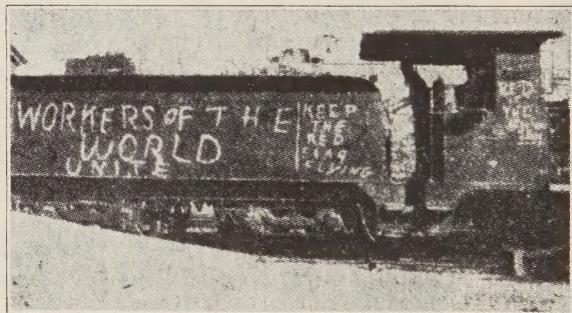
Signs of a new drift in the United States, away from wage slavery and back to chattel slavery are multiplying. We have often discussed the peonage system of the South, where the negro is kept at work not by the payment of any fixed wage, but by grants of food and clothing from the land-owner's store, and by constant threats of a vagrancy law. The vagrancy law is so worded that anybody not actually employed is guilty. Only negroes and "foreigners" (traveling workers from the North or West) are ever arrested under this law. When arrested they are put to work for the state, relieving the land-owner of some of his necessity to pay taxes, or they are sold to lumber companies, or even to plantation owners, for the term of their sentence. Either actually as a convict under guard, or through fear of becoming one, the resident negro worker and the migratory white worker are kept on the job, without getting wages for what they do, and without being at liberty to quit when they like.

It has been definitely established that the system has spread to California. At present it meets with a certain amount of opposition. To this fact we owe the knowledge of its presence, probably. Various individuals, including the attorney for the State Labor Commission in the southern part of the state, are complaining about the combination effected between the justice of the peace at Independence, Inyo County, Cal., with the district attorney of the county, and of these two with the managers and owners of the big borax mines of that district. The combination, or understanding, whatever it can be called (some people would probably want to call it graft, but we think it is nothing but a natural development of big capitalism), results in Mexican laborers of the borax mining company being arrested when they try to quit their jobs in the mines, and sentenced to jail, ostensibly because they

have not paid their board bill.

The frame-up becomes more apparent when the contract under which the workers labor is examined, and it is there pointed out that the board is to be deducted from the wages. It is evident that they were not getting any wages.

In addition to this the Mexican laborers put up as a defence that the work is killing them. That, of course, is one of the reasons for a peonage system, and is one of the advantages of chattel slavery, in the opinion of the capitalist. You can work the slave to death quickly, and he has nothing to say.



NOW THAT'S TALKING!—On this page you see a picture of the first locomotive that pulled the first train out of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, on the day the strike of 18,000 railroad workers came to an end. Written in great big letters all over the tender of the locomotive, for the world to see, is the slogan, "Workers of the World, Unite!" and another beside it, "Keep the Red Flag Flying!"

Can you imagine such things on the tenders of American locomotives? Not yet. But then, how long has it been since American railroad men actually won a real strike? How long has it been since they were willing to keep on striking when "our government," in the course of its continual and loyal support of the bosses, ordered them to stop?

This is what the railroad workers of



In Australia the workers on the railroads have their employers so well tamed that they can hold regular meetings on the job, and on the employer's time. In England railroad workers are so strongly organized that their threat to strike in conjunction with the miners caused the government to pay fifty million dollars for a truce.

Railway executives recently gathered at Chicago, patted themselves on the back and modestly announced to the cock-eyed world that the railroads were in very good hands and THEY were running the nation's transportation system with extraordinary efficiency.

No mention was made of



the HAND that actually did the work!

Queensland did. Their government, which by the way calls itself a "labor government," ordered them to go before an arbitration court, and the arbitration court reduced their wages five percent. It also reduced wages of other lines of work.

The workers in Australia, and elsewhere, though not in America, have an institution known as the "Stop Work Meeting." This means holding union meetings on the boss's time, and frequently for the purpose of making demands on the boss, or of adopting resolutions of protest against something he has done.

So they began to hold these stop work meetings, and ask for their five percent again, and the railroad officials, backed by

the government, locked them out. It was intended as a lesson for them, but they knew something about that sort of thing already, and when the company was ready to start work again, it found that instead of a lockout it had a 100 percent strike on its hands. Out of 18,000 railroad workers, there were only nine who stayed at work, and these were high departmental heads. They were not even called out. No one expected them to come.

The workers won all their demands within a week, and in addition to that, they demanded and won a five per cent pay increase for all other workers who had been cut by the arbitration court. That's solidarity!

THEY WIN AT ABERDEEN.—Another proof of the efficacy of strike action has just come out of the sawmill town of Aberdeen, Washington. The workers there, as mentioned in these columns last month, went on strike for "some increase in pay," as the song has it. They got most of what they demanded--they did not ask for much. This was an unorganized strike, and the workers were afraid of organizing. This is sure proof that only grim necessity drove them to use their economic power, and that they were distrustful of it, and timid in the presence of their masters. But the first step has to be taken some time, and it was indeed high time to begin stepping out in the sawmill country. The workers have been slaves there long enough. Let them take confidence in themselves, as a result of this first victory, and begin to plan another—something more worth while, this time. They have obtained a \$3.75 minimum wage, whereas before, many of them were working for \$3.25 per day. But the boss still makes more off of them than he can make even from the sweated "coolie" labor of China, as is proved by the fact that while the sawmills of Washington state are putting on an extra shift, those of Antung, China, have been closed down by American competition. Certainly the workers of Washington ought to get as large a share of the value produced in the industry as the Chinese "coolie"! The first thing to do is to organize!

THE TRUTH FOR THE WORKERS.—This is the story of two Chicago newspapers. One of them is the Workers' Paper. One is not. One is Industrial Solidarity, official organ of the I. W. W., and one is the Chicago Daily News, something like an official organ of the capitalist plunderbund. You would naturally expect the daily, with its enormous organization, its hundreds of highly-paid officials and correspondents, and its thousands of common ordinary wage slaves, would have the news first.

Certainly you would expect it to put out important news which is available to all, at least as quickly as Industrial Solidarity can get it out, for Sol is a weekly, with a staff of two, each of whom is able to devote

only a part of his time to the work of the Industrial Solidarity, on account of other duties.

However, it makes a difference what kind of news you are looking for. If you want the latest bunk from the eternal battle line between rival gangs of bootleggers out on the West Side in Chicago, then you can read the Daily News. If you want to hear about the man who robbed a jewelry store, again the News is best. But if you are listening in for information about the class war, just as eternal, and of far more real interest to you if you only know it, you won't find much of it in the News. If you want to find out about who robbed **you**, well, then, we know one case where Industrial Solidarity and the Chicago Daily News agreed—only in this case Industrial Solidarity had the news a whole two weeks before the Chicago Daily News got it.

We refer the reader to the issue of Industrial Solidarity of October 28, 1925, on the third page of which there appeared a Federated Press News Service article by Leland Olds, telling how 1,000 corporations in the United States got half of the total income of all corporations, as proved by the income tax returns. The article continues to point out how less than one-twentieth of one percent of all the corporations took 28 percent of the total income of all corporations, and how one half of one percent of all the corporations get 57 percent of all the profits. That shows who is robbing you. That shows, as the I. W. W. preamble says, there is a "centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands"—for industry runs for profit, and won't function otherwise, under capitalism.

Then in its issue of November 10, 1925, the Chicago Daily News comes along with the same figures, in a front-page article, written by one William P. Helm, Jr.

MORAL: Read the I. W. W. papers and get the best first.

DOES CRIME PAY?—Napoleon said he had to have the Catholic Church as a "spiritual gendarmerie" to keep the people in order. The Rotarians and Babbitts who do all the retail governing of the people in this

country do not believe in Papal Bulls, but they have a great confidence in "bull" in general—which is to say, in the power of advertising.

The big plunderers of the country have to have a corrupt police force in order to frame up radicals, slug the waitresses and ladies' garment workers when they strike, etc., and these cops naturally take with both hands. Or in other words, they are too much pickpockets and sluggers themselves, to stop the professional pickpockets, bootleggers and burglars. So crime flourishes, and the little cockroaches suffer.

But there is always advertising! So they put up car cards, pictures built around the assertion that "Crime Does Not Pay!" Gone are the days when the criminal was threatened with Hell. The soul of Babbitt knows no greater disaster than to lose the profit—if it doesn't pay, it's damned in all the good Rotarian circles, anyway.

So we have the car cards. One of them shows a man in jail, and outside are his wife, in rags, and four children, the youngest a babe in arms. Babbitt never stops to think, evidently, that perhaps this condition, this family, hungry at the table of an unemployed man, might send him out on the road to crime, without any hope of profit at all, but merely as the lesser alternative to starvation!

But when Babbitt's artist depicts a policeman, standing with his arms folded, looking at a crowd of crooks, and then they spring the same old catch-phrase at you, "Crime Does Not Pay," you have to laugh. You think of Police Captain Westbrook to whom it paid \$16,000. And though Westbrook was caught, you think of the hundreds and hundreds who are not caught. You know that almost any policeman will let anybody sell liquor on his beat for a standard price of \$5—if he should charge more, the bootlegger would feel that he had a right to go to the sergeant and complain. You think of the open, undisguised

chasing of "bucks" (petty graft) in every station house where professional bondsmen operate. And you look at that cynical-faced cop on the poster, with his hands resting on the "bucks" in his vest pocket, and you have to laugh. Crime does not pay! Haw! Haw!

Crime paid Morgan and it paid Rockefeller, when the one sold rotten guns to the government, and the other handed out rebates, and when both committed murder on the bodies of their unfortunate slaves. Crime paid Armour when he sold the condemned beef to the boys in blue in the Spanish-American war, and when he saved up all that was not too much used in that war to sell again in the World War. It pays Townsend and Diamond to commit perjury in California, and it pays the Chicago police—many, many "bucks." Crime does not pay!

The I. W. W. works to establish conditions where it will not pay, but the time is not yet.



DOES CRIME PAY?





They All go SOUTH For The Winter.

Shivering Santa Clauses

By CARD No. 794514

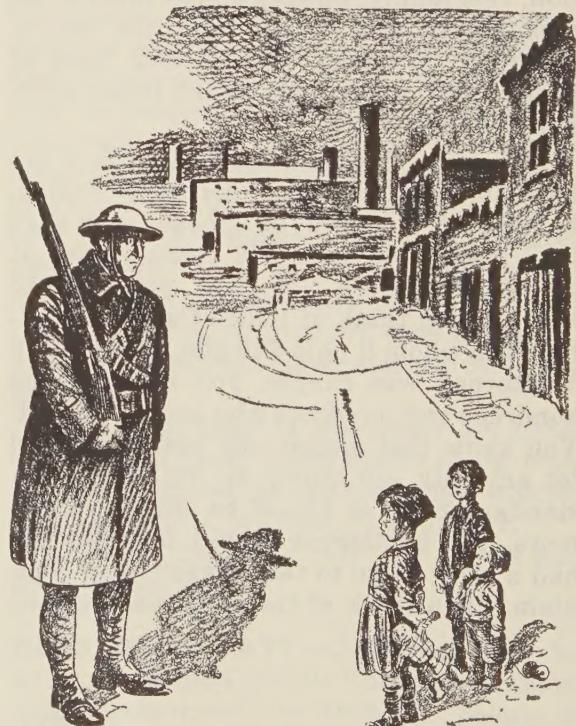
MA-MA, you said that Santa Claus had a warm heart!"

"Yes, my dear, he has."

"Well, then Ma-ma, why does he shiver so?"

Kids do see things, and that's what they say when they pass a poor woe-begone migratory worker, trying to make a miserable nickel or two by togging himself out like a clown in cheap cotton furs, filthy from last year's wearer, and ringing a little bell at the street corner during the Christmas rush.

For Santa Claus is commercialized in America. He acts as a "come-on" for the Salvation Army, and for the big department stores. The department stores pay a little less for good long-legged West Madison Street Santa Clauses, but they dress them a little warmer. The department stores have some pride. Your Salvation Army is thrifty about these things, and however warm a woolen shirt your "captain" or "commander" may have under his blue and red uniform, the shivering Santa Clauses that they hire for a dollar and a half a day, have to stuff their shirts with newspapers if they are going to get through a day of bell ringing without freezing their ribs.



"Say, Mister Scab Herder, did you run Santa Claus out of town too?"



THE FAMILY GOES A-MARKETING TO BUY SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER

Once the city street cleaning, or snow shoveling, warmed the bones of the "stiffs" trying to get through this winter on memories of the hopes they had last summer for a "winter's stake." Every big snowstorm used to be heralded by cries of delight from the cheap "flop houses" and the "missions." Now there would be work for all for a few days! Get in line for a city job, shoveling snow!

But that is no more. There is not a big city left in the United States where there is much work shoveling snow. Oh yes, "Jake" up in the sky there sends down the snow, same as always, but the machines clean it up. There is a plow that runs along the side of the curb, and piles the stuff out of the gutter; there is another kind of a plow that clears it from the streetcar tracks—these are run by gas engines or by electric motors. They take only one man apiece, and they move right along, do a lot of work in a day, more than a hundred men could do with shovels.

Neither are men needed in any considerable numbers any longer to load the snowballs. For the last three years huge loading machines have been used, and are steadily being perfected. "Perfection" means that they will be completely automatic, and require none at all of the hungry "bums" from the "skid road." The summer was very slow. Talk about "prosperity" left out of account altogether the soft coal miners, thousands of whom eked out an existence on the lettuce they grew in their back yards, and what little food they could buy with their two or three days' work a week, and the textile workers who hung around hoping that when the boss had worked to death those who got the first chance to run thirty looms, the first to be fired would get a chance, and the plate mill steel workers who are discharged when the new doubling machines went in, and even the cranberry sprayers, who won't work



this year, because the holiday cranberries are now sprayed from aeroplanes! There has been plenty of unemployment all through the summer, though not enough to start a revolution or anything of that sort.

And fortunately for them, perhaps just because of the slow summer, and the rapid installation of labor-saving machinery, and partly because of the greed of the employment sharks there were really more odd jobs, short-time jobs, mostly construction jobs, than usual, this Fall.

I have included the greed of the employment shark. Probably everybody knows the function of this worthy in multiplying, not the amount of the work, but the number of jobs. The employment agent charges from two and a half to three-fifty for the job, and the boss who does the hiring gets his fifty cents out of it, works the stiff for a few days, so that the law is evaded, and fires him. Another man means another fee, and another four bits for the construction job boss. It's a good game, whenever there are a lot of unemployed men, it makes it look as though there were lots of jobs, keeps the shiverers always shivering in happy anticipation and really does distribute the work a little, and give everyone a chance. A very wasteful procedure, though.

Even these sorts of jobs are about ended by Christmas time though, and then begins the Santa Claus "fakin'" and the mission soup graft. Many men panhandle on the streets, and quite a few are picked up dead, frozen stiff, after every big blizzard. In Chicago the city has a special wagon to go around and pick them up, like cord wood—and just as stiff.

Yes, Christmas is great in a big city these years. Who knows it better than Santa Claus—shivering on the street corner and trying to eat his beard from hunger!

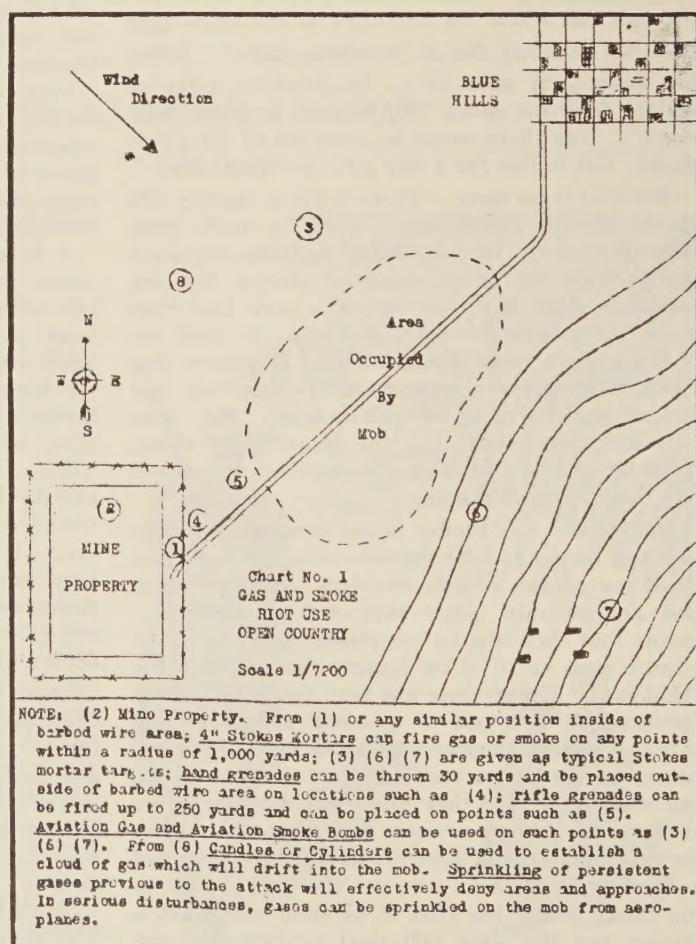
"Poison the Women Gently"- Army's New Code of Chivalry

MAJOR GENERAL AMOS A. FRIES, the U. S. army's official poisoner, or as he is more politely entitled by those who believe in poisoning strikers and radicals, "Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service," writes to the public press of New York City to say, "If possible, consideration should be given to women and children (when gassing them with poison gas) so as to cause them no undue injury. Isn't that sensible, humane, and even gallant? Would you teach a policeman to use the same vicious blow with a club on the head of a child or a woman as he would on a desperate armed man? Again, we think there is but one answer to the question."

General Fries was defending himself against a certain amount of rather shocked criticism, evoked among a certain section of the bourgeois press, because of statements in his book of instructions to subordinate poisoners, officers and gentlemen of the U. S. Army, as to the best way to protect the profits of coal mine owners, factory owners, etc., by dispersing with clouds of deadly (or perhaps merely injurious) gasses, any mass picketing, or by the same means breaking up meetings held in rooms on the third stories of buildings, which previous information might have led the officer in charge of the protection of profits in that locality to believe were for the purpose of calling strikes, etc.

Some naive liberals somehow got the idea that it was barbarous and inhumane to gas crowds of women and children, especially miners' wives, and offspring, most probably, with the sort of poison clouds that rotted out the lungs of the soldiers in France.

They quoted from the general's text book on "Provisional Instructions for the Control of Mobs by Chemical Warfare," that statement about, **if possible**, not inflicting **undue** injury on women and children. They commented adversely upon it, and the general came right back at them; the general declares absolutely that it is "sensible, humane, and even gallant" to shoot the kids full of poison gas, just as sensible, humane and gallant as it is for a cop to **slightly** fracture their skulls, instead of trying to "tear their damn cans off," as is the custom when subduing male strikers—and, of course, nothing could be more gallant in the treatment of women and children than **that**.



A PAGE FROM THE U. S. ARMY'S BOOK ON GIVING POISON GAS TO STRIKERS



THE STRIKE
For This The U. S. Army Suggests Poison Gas

In this article to the public, General Fries tells how:

"An officer of the Chemical Warfare Service, with tear gases, was sent to the Mingo mine fields some four years ago. It is to the credit of the War Department that he was sent there. Had any force been necessary, tear gases would have been used and any dangerous situations arising from excited, armed men would have been avoided without bloodshed or destruction of property. How can the words "barbarous" and "uncivilized" be applied to such materials? If preserving law and order by the mildest means ever known to man is to be considered barbarous, then how can civilization endure?

Ah, how indeed? Remember Engels' conclusion, based on long study of various ruling class utterances, that every ruling class, throughout history, has identified its interests with those of the whole world, has considered itself synonymous with culture, civilization, learning, and all things desirable. Each of them was certain that if it passed, the torch of progress, or of civilization or whatever they

considered desirable, would be extinguished. It is a natural sort of a feeling, however false history has proved to be—in the case of General Fries, the official poisoner for American capitalism, we can understand how he, regarding as he does the proper development of the gentle art of gassing men for profit, should look with grave distrust on any group of men or any proposition, which proposes to stop him. Indeed at the close of his newspaper article he tells in the plainest of words what he regards as progress:

"I am quoting facts, not fancies. I am giving the truth and not propaganda. Our records are open to any man who will examine them. If he be honest he cannot but decide with us that the world needs gas more than any other one thing to preserve law and order with the least damage possible to human beings or to property."

Probably his underlings are in substantial accord with him, and none of them, despite an occasional reference to "defending our beloved country from foreign aggression" have any doubt at all about whom they are going to gas. Another hearty believer in poison for women and children one Henry Fry, a major in the Chemical Warfare Reserves, rushes into print, with a letter to a newspaper in New York, in which he says exactly what poison gas is good for. Remember in reading his explanation, that the bourgeoisie do not distinguish one sort of radical from another, and when he says "Communist" he is as likely as not to mean "I. W.

W." Here are the concluding remarks from his little speech:

"With Communism seeking a foothold in America, both by its direct agencies and through the use of various side-line activities, the American people would be foolish to discard a weapon that may be badly needed against the Red menace.

"In instructing his officers how to use war gas for riot duty, General Fries is merely carrying out a routine detail of his office as Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. Criticism of his instructions because he happens to be a gas officer are misleading. Every department has its own riot tactics, including the Regular Army, National Guard and, here at home, the New York Police Department. The New York police force has its gas section, which is instructed in the use of gas as a riot weapon.

"The Bolshevik, the Communist and the radicals generally—ranging from light crimson down to delicate pink—would like to see chemical warfare eliminated, but it is here to stay and the day may

come when it will prove to be the salvation of the United States."

Then when we turn to the book itself, the instructions for proper and efficient gassing, which started the stench, we see that though the word "mob" is used throughout, the obvious implication is that except in the case of armed mobs, practically revolutionary armies, the word "mob" means any aggregation of working men, mass picketing, or gathered in a meeting near the company property for the purpose of hearing speakers, perhaps, or maybe assembled in a hall, in a building—for provision is made for throwing gas through third story windows.

Chemical Warfare Service officers are taught in the poison gas book, on page 6, that there are three types of "mobs":

"(a) A more or less well-disciplined organization of men in numbers from 500 up to a few thousand, fairly well armed and having some semblance of discipline.

"(b) Small organizations of men with a few arms, poorly organized and with very little discipline."

The women and children come in the next "mob":

"(c) Mobs that will be composed not only of men, but of women, boys and sometimes small children, unorganized but excited and irresponsible."

"The gas cloud," runs the book, under the heading "Mob Psychology in Gas," "being heavier than air, will generally cling near the surface of the ground, ordinarily rising not over 30 feet. It will fill cellars, hallways, mine shafts and extend in every direction in which a breeze is blowing.

"A mob understands that the fire of machine guns or rifles cannot reach around the corners of a building or through a street barricade, but with gas the mob understands that when a cloud is turned loose this cloud will cover all areas. . . .

"The first appearance of the faint white smoke of a gas cloud will cause a stampede even in the most determined mob. . . . If possible, consideration should be given to women and children, so as to cause them no undue injury."

"Ordinarily," says the book, "the members of a mob will not run into the cloud, but will run with the cloud in an endeavor to escape being encircled. Members who attempt to enter houses, cellars, side alleyways, will only find that the gas has preceded them."

"Probably the quickest way to appreciate the power which the presence of gas has upon a body of men is to picture the fear which a human being has of having his breathing interfered with by smothering or choking and the instinctive dread this same human being has of losing his vision. A sneezing or vomiting war gas will interfere with breathing and a tear gas will practically close the eyes of a man. . . . The cloud is invisible, and though it usually can be detected by its odor this detection

often comes too late to prevent the gas taking effect."

"Their efforts to escape," so the book tells officers, "will exceed those made by a mob to escape from the flow of machine-gun bullets. Instead of stopping when corners are turned, the members of the mob will continue to run, carrying with them on their skin and in their clothing sufficient gas to make them believe they are still within the atmosphere of gas or that the cloud may overtake them again at any time.

"Barricaded groups of men in buildings may not be frightened by a gas cloud until the actual odor and effect are on them. A cloud caused by a grenade shot into a third-story window will slowly enter the halls, roll down the stairs and gas the lower two floors. In case of special drafts the grenades shot into the windows of the lower two floors will prevent any room escaping the gas itself. Under such circumstances the occupants will abandon the house by the nearest available exit. Certain individuals will complain of the effects of a tear-gas cloud. It is impossible to injure seriously anyone with tear gas in **field concentrations**."

It is impossible to permanently blind or kill anyone with tear gas used in **field concentrations**—that is, such concentrations as would prevail from a few bombs thrown in the open—but throwing grenades into a closed building is different, and young officers are especially informed during the course of their instruction that they can kill all the men they want with tear gas, to say nothing of the more powerful Lewisite or mustard gas, if they increase the concentration, by using it in greater quantity, or by using it in a confined space. Besides the tear gas, phosphorus may be employed to create a thick white suffocating smoke, and to stick to the hide of any unlucky one who happens to be spattered with it, and there burn to the bone. One gas, "bromobenzylcyanide," can be turned loose in a street, and will make that street impassable for a solid week, or will make any valley or plain in the open country impassable for three days. Gas can be sprinkled on the crowd, it can be shot at the crowd in rifle grenades or from Stokes mortars, it can be taken out to windward of the crowd and turned loose out of cylinders, to form a cloud and drift down on them, it may be burned out of "candles," and it may be poured out of airplanes.

It is used always, all the time for the preservation of profits, and to make effective picketing difficult. It has already been used against the I. W. W., and without doubt it will be used again. It behoves us to seriously think of possibilities for circumventing this new weapon of the capitalist class. Meanwhile, we will tell the world, in the very words of the poison gas experts, that the army, and their branch of it especially, exists for the purpose of crushing strikes, breaking up meetings of workers, and maintaining the system of slavery which they call "civilization."



TWO incidents, slight in themselves, but important in their historical significance, have taken place in Chicago, recently.

One was the death of Henry James Brine, and the other was the visit of the old British Convict Ship, the "Success."

The skipper of the "Success" is a business man who hired an able press agent, and then seems to have sold part of the ship to the Hearst syndicate of newspapers, if one can judge by the amount of advertising space he got in the news columns. The "Success," be it remembered, is now a museum, serving capitalism in the person of its owner, who gets the stiff admission fee charged sightseers, even as she once served the capitalism of all England by carrying labor agitators "away to Botany Bay, to work their lives away," as the old rhyme has it.

The owner of the "Success" exploited all this early cruelty, showed off the monstrous instruments of torture on board, and then when all that palled, began to exploit red-haired girls, and get publicity by hiring them to spend the night in the ship's dungeon (sure, she had one, she was an unusual ship) or to climb up and paint the figurehead red. The figurehead was a statue of Queen Victoria, who reigned over England at the time the "Success" was functioning as a floating prison.

But all the time the "Success" was flaunting her ancient shame and adding some modern refinements to it, by way of making news, Henry James Brine, the descendant of a family of British workers, who gave the "Success" in her day more fame or infamy than she ever got through any number of red-headed girls, was slowly dying, in Chicago.

James Brine was his uncle, and James Brine was one of the Tolpuddle martyrs, one of the "Six Men of Dorset," the conviction of whom made almost as great a commotion in their day as the Criminal Syndicalism law makes in our time. Their story shows the similarity of the methods used in 1834 in England, with those used in 1925 in California, and the thing they were fighting for was the same. There is much freshness and ignorance about the way in which these men tried to organize the agricultural workers of Dorchester, but they were fairly successful at that, and the statement of the judge who sentenced them to seven years' transportation to Australia might almost have issued from the lips of Judge Busick: "Not for anything you have done but for an example for others I consider it my duty

to sentence you to seven years penal servitude."

The late twenties and the early thirties of the nineteenth century had been years of disappointment, despair, and struggle for the workers of England. The new capitalism, the factory system, had just got firmly entrenched. It was a period of ruthless exploitation, of child labor, of merciless suppression of the workers by the power of the state, of newer and still newer laws against any sort of working class action.

There was unemployment for a decade or so after the Napoleonic wars, partly due to the speeding up of industry during the war, the more rapid capitalization of the country, and the sudden cessation of the war market, and partly due to the release from military duty of great armies of young men, who had to find somehow a way back into peace-time pursuits.

But this period passed, and as 1830 came around, industry absorbed more men, there was a basis for labor organization, and for the first time under capitalism, labor organization sprang up on a large scale. The parallel between that period and the period following the great world war (1914-1918) is surprisingly accurate, and if it continues to hold good, we should be due for a great unionization of labor during the next few years.

But back there in 1830, they did not know anything about unions, they were making them for the first time—inventing them. The first of these were of course local bodies, and because of the primitively religious character of most of the workers, and because of the semi-secret nature of the unions to escape the harsh laws, and because of the influence of Continental European secret societies, the unions had a good deal of mummery and ceremony attached. Workers were sworn in to membership on a stack of bibles, before painted figures of death, angels, or demons, and the whole procedure was something like initiation into a Babbitt Society of the present period.

This necessity which the workers felt for taking oaths was one of the points at which they were to be attacked. A set of laws known as "The Six Acts of 1819" prohibited unauthorized persons from administering oaths. These laws were directed against dynastic rebels, plotters to change the king, and were never intended to be used on workers. But capitalism uses its biggest weapons against its most dan-



HENRY JAMES BRINE

gerous enemies, and capitalism, for the first time in history, found itself confronting a union campaign. The unions continued to develop, spontaneously, everywhere, and it was not long, after they were once started, before the idea occurred to some one to federate them, and have a national organization. Robert Owen, the Utopian Socialist, had a good deal to do with this new idea of a national union. The union was started; it was called "The Grand National Consolidated Trades Union," and it spread. Perhaps nothing in the nature of a labor organization ever spread so fast before or since. It was organized in January, 1834, and in a month or so had a foothold in nearly all the trades. The "benevolent societies" and the "workers' aid" associations flocked into it, and it created in addition to these a great many new locals, sending delegates about the country in pairs to organize in all sorts of places, though first of all in the north of England.

The moderately liberal Webbs, in their book, "The History of Trade Unionism," say: "Nothing in the annals of unionism in this country at all approached the rapidity of the growth which ensued. Within a few weeks the union appears to have been joined by at least half a million members, including tens of thousands of farm laborers and women . . . numerous missionary **delegates**, duly equipped with all the paraphernalia required for the mystic initiation rites perambulated the country, and a positive mania for trade unionism set in."

Needless to say, the British state, at this time representing a compromise between the land owning aristocracy and "squirearchy," and the rising bourgeoisie, was alarmed. If the unions had been confined to the trades and crafts of the towns, probably the Tory politicians might have been tolerant, at least. In later years, the representatives of the landlords attempted to win the support of the proletariat of the cities by passing factory legislation and other "liberal" measures. But the new unionism swore in **agricultural laborers!** And the land owning interests were as bitter against it as the real estate gamblers and hop field owners of California are against the I. W. W.

There was an alliance between landlord and capitalist right away, to suppress it. Lord Melbourne, the Whig (capitalist) home secretary who was just taking office in 1830 (before the organization of the Grand National Consolidated), at once got into consultation with his predecessor in office, his political enemy, Sir Robert Peel, and in his own words, the results of their conversation were a complete agreement. "The unions of trades in the north of England and in the southern parts of the country for the purpose of raising wages, etc., and the general union for the same purpose, were pointed out to me by Sir Robert Peel in a conversation I had with him upon the then state of the country, as the most formidable difficulty and danger with which we had to contend, and it struck me as well as the rest of His Majesty's servants in the same light."

Just as they do now, the capitalists of those days first called in their dopes, their first line of defense, the bourgeois intellectuals. There was a professional economist, Nassau Senior, working for the University of Oxford. He was put to work to "investigate" the situation, and he set the example for many such "investigations" to come. Without taking any notice of the workers' side at all, or hearing any evidence in their behalf, he and his assistants got together a bulky report, a bitter indictment of unionism, and recommended terrible penalties for the organizers and members of unions, such penalties to be made still more terrible if any unions indulged in striking, and even still worse if the offense were aggravated by picketing. The investigating committee seriously proposed that for the purposes of arresting any of his own workers, every employer should be regarded as a police officer, and should have power something like that of a feudal baron to keep discipline among his serfs of the machine or of the plowed fields.

Melbourne did not dare to go as far as Senior advised, but in August, 1833, when the Yorkshire manufacturers presented a memorial on 'The Trades Unions,' he had one of his underlings answer for him that, "His Lordship considered it unnecessary to repeat the strong opinions entertained by His Majesty's ministers of the criminal character and the evil effects of the unions described in the memorial, and that, 'No doubt can be entertained that combinations for the purposes enumerated (to raise wages) are illegal conspiracies, and liable to be prosecuted as such at common law.'

This laid the background for the Tolpuddle martyrdom, and it was not long in following. Any other place in England would have done as well, it merely happened that the union of agricultural laborers organized at Tolpuddle, an insignificant town in Dorsetshire, met up with a new judge, anxious to show his masters his zeal in their interests, and that he got started before the rest of the judges could move.

In the vicinity of Tolpuddle the agricultural workers had made some time before an agreement, witnessed by the village parson, that wages should be ten shillings a week. There was at this time no formal organization. The employers, like the Durst Brothers of California, had no conception of the sacredness of a promise, and used the time gained by an apparent yielding to plot the workers' injury. By one trick or another, they contrived to reduce the going wage until they had it down to seven shillings.

Then John and George Loveless, brothers, proceeded to organize a local union, "The Friendly Society of Agricultural Workers." They were visited by delegates of the Grand National Consolidated and were planning to get their local to affiliate with it. As part of their regular process of initiation, and following the custom of the time, they administered an oath to the new members, swearing them to

The Confessions of a Cockroach

By JOHN H. DEQUER

This confession made and signed by A. Cockroach while under the influence of Tia Juana Spirit, November 9, 1925. Mr. Cockroach deposes as follows:

HAM an honest man. I have to be lest the Great Roaches up above me on the financial ladder cut off my credit. I must pay my bills or do without goods which I need to scheme and juggle my way through the world. I must be on the square with those who trust me or I will lose the respect of my fellow cock and hen roaches. I simply must manage to keep up my dignity as a merchant.

Not only I, but cockroaches as a class are honest men. I have to make this strong so that you dear reader will not lose sight of it as I proceed with this confession, for I feel in my bones that those of you who make your way in the sweat of your brow may not entirely agree with the definition of honesty as commonly accepted in Rotary and Kiwanis circles. With us honesty means the successful acquisition of enough money with which to pay one's bills when due. It is a limited sort of honesty operating in periods of thirty, sixty and ninety days. How we get the money is never asked. All that is needed is that we get it and a little more. This makes us Successes and gives us entree to the commercial club, and trusteeships in the little church around the corner. It makes us pillars of Society.

On the other hand, if we should fail to get the money within the time limit, we would fall into the hands of the Receiver and would be adjudged failures and condemned to honest labor for an indefinite period.

Naturally we all want to be successes. None of us like to work under specific orders from a muscular gentleman who generally speaks with a foreign accent or a brogue. We would rather be hard pressed cockroaches than horny handed sons of toil. Cockroaches do not make their living by running trains, digging ditches, picking fruit, harvesting grain and other vulgar and unelete forms of activity.

The truth is we have lived so long by sheer mendacity that we have come to believe our own lies when we tell them. Our stereotyped phrase, "Labor is honorable," is an example of this kind. None of us are in the market for that kind of honor. When we mouth this phrase we are in vulgar parlance, "throwing the bull."

This brings me to the matter of **Phrases**. Phrases are very useful commodities when dealing with the public. In point of fact they are really powerful. Don't you remember such terms, "he kept us out of war," and "make the world safe for democracy," and "a full dinner pail?" I tell you if it were not for the power of phrases we, the Cockroach Clan, could not exist. As it is we are a pack of vampires

who fan our victims asleep with pretty words, while we and the Great Roaches above us eat them out of house and home.

Speaking of the Great Roaches above us, those mighty ones whom we envy and fear with a psychophancy that beggars description! They, too, have degenerated. They, too, like us, have lost what little of real honesty they once had. They, too, have become a pack of hypocrites. Some years ago there yet were men who dared to say right out in meeting, "Charge all the traffic will bear." That was honest. That is what we all are after. None of us are in business for our health. We are after the dough. And there were those who said plainly and fearlessly, "the public be damned." That, too, is honest. It is the way any one who has to do with the public in an overcrowded and overdone business feels.

But we cockroaches today dare not talk that way. It is not policy. Policy is one of our Gods. You know the dear people taken in mass are rather primitive. Such honest and above-board statements as those we have quoted might excite their gregarious instinct and lead to mob formation, a form of activity that is always very dangerous and extremely unrefined.

That is why the Great Roaches which we cockroaches always mimmic have gone into the business of phrase making and done away with all forms of dangerous truth telling. This is much better for us, as it keeps the producing classes quiet while we wrangle over the spoils. Probably you may have heard some of these phrases. They are quite the thing just now. You may see them in the papers, and heard them from the pulpit. "The public be served," "Safety first" (except in war time, of course), "We have interests in common," and "Patronize your neighborhood grocer." All these phrases are good as the great producing mass take them at their face value while we get by upon their backs in safety and in comfort.

Now if we were honest in the sense that Webster defines that word, we would discard all these phrases and say right out, that we are in business because we want to keep our hands off the mallet and the hoe, and keep the boss from looking directly down our collar. That, and that alone, is our excuse for membership in the Cockroach Clan.

Truly we are a stupid pack. We lack social vision. We dare not think of helping to recast the world in a better mold. We are all laboring under the delusion that the great beast **Labor** can harbor an unlimited crop of cooties. We are all trying to hold

(Continued on Page 28)



God of Gods

(Translated and adapted from the Scandinavian)

By E. E. A.

YOU! manchild, bow you down and worship!

Cast yourself in the dust before the gods—before the big gods—before the little gods; but first and foremost before the god of all gods—GOD MAMMON!

Men are born who are proud and have freedom of mind, who challenge the gods, and who have within them the capabilities of becoming gods themselves—and there are men—individuals—who crouch in the dust kissing the footprints of the gods. These last are the many.

They are ever trailing gods; and should one of them lose sight of his god, he has no peace of mind until he finds another.

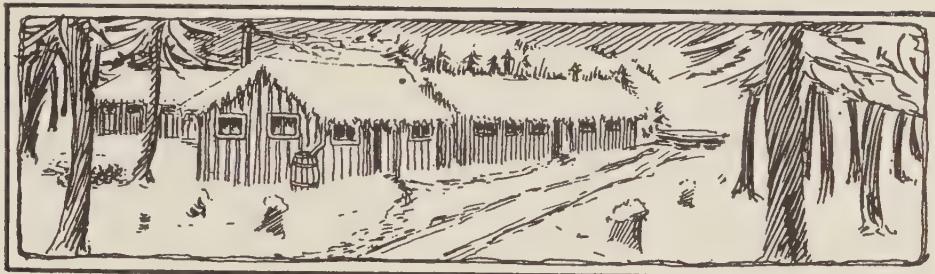
The new god he then worships in holy, unsophisticated fealty, with a slave soul's submissive give-all, until this god has also lost his halo; after which the unbound slave soul flutters about bewildered.

A Christ found millions of adherents; a Mohammed and a Gautama also; but one god have they all in common—GOD MAMMON.

What is Christ, what is Allah and what are all the holy prophets, but low caste temple servants of the one great god?

Each great and noble thought, each tender feeling and honest intent, that you possess, shall you barter and pawn forever—God Mammon returns nothing, there is no buying back.

There is but one God and his name is MAMMON; he has a son whose name is WAR, and a HOLY GHOST that resides within the belly-crawling slave souls.



How Long Can It Last?

By E. L. CHICANOT

THE question is how long can the United States continue its reckless increase of newsprint consumption and Canada continue to meet its voracious demands. The heedless manner in which the Republic is requisitioning this product and the frantic strivings on the Dominion's part to establish new mills and secure the profits have combined to create a situation which should be regarded seriously without delay if a halt is ever to be made. There may be no immediate apprehension of Canadian forests being overtaken by the same denudation which has occurred in the United States and no sane citizen has any quarrel with intelligent utilization, but the present situation is one of criminal and wholly unnecessary wastage and conservational action in both direction lies to a great extent within the hands of the people of the United States.

Few Americans have any adequate appreciation of the manner in which they are slowly but inevitably denuding the Canadian forests, as they did their own, or give any heed to the primary processes of the newspapers they read. A newspaper is taken for granted; they come and go. With the greater popularity and more general adoption of colored supplements, rotogravure sections, and magazine supplements, and other features which are constantly being added to weekly newspaper editions, these have reached unwieldy and to a large extent unreadable proportions which means sheer lavish waste. For the main part these papers are merely glanced over and thoughtlessly discarded, and all the time more trees are disappearing from Canadian forests to be thrown away in the streets of American cities.

It is astonishing, no less than alarming, to discover the tremendous rate at which the consumption of newsprint in the United States has increased since the beginning of the present century. One can scarcely conclude that Americans are to any degree more assiduous or voluminous readers and it is not a matter of increased population, for whilst the number of people has grown their average consumption of newsprint has likewise increased. Today the greater population of the United States is consuming per capita nearly four times what that lesser population consumed per capita at the beginning of the century. In 1900 there were fifteen pounds of newsprint available for consumption per capita in the United States; in 1923 there were fifty pounds so available.

The reason of it is to be found in any newspaper directory, in the number of newspapers and their size. It may be a question whether Americans are the greatest readers in the world, but they are easily and beyond question the greatest consumers of newsprint, using, in fact, as great a volume as all other countries of the world combined. In 1923 there were in the United States some sixty major newspapers each of which had circulation in excess of 100,000 copies, and which throughout the year averaged 27 pages in their weekly and 101 pages in their Sunday editions, proportions never before attained. What is believed to have been a record was achieved when a New York paper put out a Sunday edition of twelve sections with a total of 192 pages, the total weight of paper for the 565,000 copies being 877 tons.

Where does this newsprint originally come from? Mainly from Canada, though small quantities are purchased in Scandinavia, Germany and Finland. Canada has a comparatively small consumption of forest products, most of her raw materials as well as manufactured products going out of the country. An analysis of these export figures reveals the fact that 92 per cent of the manufactured newsprint goes to the United States and over 77 per cent of the manufactured pulp as well as practically the entire export of pulpwood. Roughly the United States has come to depend on Canada for 95 per cent of its newsprint supply and the Republic consumes 85 per cent of the Canadian fabricated product.

The fact is that whilst United States mills, largely through the use of Canadian raw materials, have

been increasing their output at a frantic rate, it has not been adequate to meet the increasing domestic demand. Thus though United States newsprint production increased from 1,448,000 tons in 1922 to 1,485,000 in 1923, or by 37,000 tons, the increase over the entire country in consumption rose by five pounds per capita. This is the situation which in the embargo placed on the export of raw materials from certain lands has resulted in the establishment of mills in Canada and the development of the pulp and paper industry in the Dominion within the past decade to be its first industrial activity and take second place in productive revenue only to the gigantic wheat fields of the western provinces.

Canadian newsprint manufacture and export have made such phenomenal growth that at the present time it is quite impossible to predict where it is all going to end. In 1923 Canada produced 1,263,000 tons of newsprint, a volume 16 per cent greater than in 1922 and 56 per cent greater than in 1921. The total average daily capacity of Canadian newsprint machines in 1922 was 3,825 tons; in 1923 it was 4,200 tons; in 1924 it is estimated to be in the neighborhood of 4,700 tons, making a production for the year of something like 1,410,000 tons. Four more mills were producing newsprint in Canada for the United States in 1922 than in the previous year. There is apparently no end to it.

In the year 1900 Canada's entire export of paper was valued at \$120. In the year 1913 Canada exported to the United States 219,602 tons of newsprint. Last year the Dominion sent across the border to the Republic 1,115,355 tons, an increase of 863 per cent for the decade. In addition the United States in 1923 took 678,077 tons of pulp out of a total Canadian production of 875,370 tons. Production of newsprint in the United States was greater than ever before with the exception of one year; Canada's newsprint production reached a new record. The Dominion's exports of newsprint and pulpwood reached figures never before attained and yet there is not the slightest indication of abatement.

What does this mean to the average citizen who is filling the city's garbage cans with Canadian trees in the shape of newspapers? Suppose American newspaper consumption is translated into terms of trees. For the purpose of rough calculation about fifteen growing trees, twenty feet long and ten feet in diameter, enter into the production of a ton of newsprint. This would mean that in manufactured newsprint from Canada sent to the United States last year the equivalent of nearly seventeen million trees. About twenty-four trees enter into the production of a ton of pulp, which would mean that in this form Canada sent to the United States last year about 21,000,000 trees. About 12,000,000 trees were exported in the form of pulpwood, which makes a grand total of fifty million trees. That one New York newspaper going out to heedless Sunday readers permanently took 1,300 trees from the Canadian forest.

Fifty million Canadian trees blotted out of existence in a single year to satisfy the extravagant newspaper readers of a country which has wasted its own forest heritage! Nothing but mute stumps over thousands of acres of Canadian woods, testimony to the beauty and economy which flourished there a short time before. But it is necessary and reasonable utilization, it may be argued. But is it? Are people securing any greater benefit from newspapers of over one hundred pages than they did from journals of one-quarter the size? And the pinnacle is nowhere in sight yet. Where is it going to end?

It is significant that the United States, which is



BEAUTIFUL YOUNG TREES
Awaiting Transformation Into Mutt and Jeff
Cartoons



CUT OVER LAND IN CANADA
A Forest Gone To Waste—Made Into Chicago Tribune Editorials

now almost entirely dependent upon Canada for its pulp and paper raw material and products, was originally blessed by nature with an extent of timber land approximately equal to that in Canada. Canada's forest land amounts to about 600,000,000 acres, of which 150,000,000 acres may be classed as growing saw timber. Most of the remainder is producing pulpwood, the Dominion's supply of which is estimated at 1,033,370,000 cords, not including large supplies of poplar and jackpine, which have not yet been requisitioned. In Eastern Canada there are 305,000,000 cords of pulpwood, Quebec having 155,000,000 cords, New Brunswick 26,000,000 cords, Ontario 100,000,000 cords and Nova Scotia 25,000,000 cords. In Western Canada there are 340,000,000 cords of spruce, western hemlock and balsam, 255,00,000 cords of this being in British Columbia. The demand for newsprint and pulp across the border has caused more than one hundred mills to spring up in every part of the Dominion, and now there is not a single section of Canadian forests which is not being depleted to some extent to satisfy the voracious consumption of United States newspapers. Starting in Quebec and Ontario the industry spread to the splendid forests

of the Maritime provinces and then out to the Pacific coast.

Although the figures of Canadian resources loom up tremendously vast, when they are read in the light of consumption of about 5,000,000 cords a year they play havoc with such terms as illimitable. A depletion at this rate, even though there were no such wastage as that by fire and other means, and omitting the inevitable increase in future years, definitely brings exhaustion within reach. Canada's forests are not one bit more inexhaustible than were those of the United States and American newspaper readers are consuming them at many times the rate they did their own forest resources.

It is a situation very difficult to meet and to remedy. Whilst it is the United States which is responsible for the enormous consumption and the demand which is made upon Canada, it is the Dominion which is materially benefiting. Pulp and paper products constitute more than one-half of Canada's exports to the United States. If provision is to be made for the future peoples of both countries it must be thought of now and a halt made in the extravagant lengths to which newspapers are going in length and number.

Visions of Class War

By LAURA TANNE

IN DEDHAM COURTHOUSE (Where Nicola Sacco was convicted)

I cannot shut my eyes
Without the vision of the convict's wife
Coming to me.

Her wailing that beat against
The stone wall of the courthouse
Until her voice bled.
The terror in her eyes,
Crushing the brown flowers sleeping within . . .
And the passion-strength of her arms
As she tore into the bars of the cage
Which imprisoned her loved Nick . . .

And he with sad comforting hands
Smooths her tangled red hair
After he had cried out
From the despair of his soul,
“I am innocent!”

TWO WHO RIDE FORWARD

I remember two leaders of men
Who ride on the hopes of the people.
One has a horse
With thrust-out belly and proud eyes,
And his saddle is cushioned softly.

The other one also rides,
But his horse is battle-scarred
And weary . . . an outcast . . .
Yet men speak his name gladly,
And little red sprigs of hope
Sprout from their words.

I give my hand to one.
But the other hides his glance
That he may not be slashed
By stilettos of hate.

Gene Hapless

By E. W. M.

 'LL never forget Gene. He was a large man; square shouldered; vibrant voice and smiling blue eyes. Outwardly, he seemed to be adamant; but he was innately kind with indomitable courage.

It was on the skid-road—the slave market where lumberjacks seek work—during a “cessation” period, where I first met Gene. We were seeking the elusive job. Elusive to the thousands of aimless who daily throng the street; aimless through no fault of their own, but made so by an economic system of forcing insecurity for the masses.

On a bright September morning, as I was about to suggest a walk into a suburban town, Gene emerged from deep thought and announced that he was going to the hall.

“What hall?” I questioned.

“The I. W. W. hall,” thundered Gene. “You better come along.” His resonant voice could be heard for blocks.

When we got there the chairs were nearly all filled. The speaker was standing in the rostrum, scanning the audience eagerly as he sang.

Behind the piano a small choir lifted their voices, strenuously, with Fellow Worker Glade, a hook-tender, who sang bass and could read music, giving a general leadership by raising and lowering the little red song book he held with the beats of the music.

When the words, “Solidarity forever,” rang out, every person in the audience seemed inspired. It brought to my mind Robert G. Ingersoll’s poem, “A Vision of the Future.”

Although hungry and careworn by a long siege of involuntary idleness I came from that meeting overjoyed. To me it was a promise; a promise that is to be fulfilled. A world where humanity will have its economic freedom. Here, I pondered. Why is it that all do not strive for a world where freedom rules supreme?

The loggers’ and sawmill workers’ living standard was at a very low ebb at this time. The long ten and eleven hours a day so exhausted the workers that they were unable to withstand the strain for any length of time.

Finally, they decided to make their demands for shorter hours and a higher wage known to their employers, and, if the companies refused to grant the demands, they would then go on a strike.

They were forced to do the latter when the companies refused to recognize their demands.

Everybody in this community knows Old Nick. He is one of the owners of one of the largest and up-to-date, electrical driven sawmills in this part of the state.

We were on watch in the picket line informing strange workers and those who were scabbing

about the strike, and the necessity for an eight hour day.

Along came Old Nick. Gene was one of the first to “spot” him.

“Hello, Nick. Making lots of lumber these days? Gene inquired, rather facetiously.

“You fellows will have a damn long time to wait for that eight hours.” Then, stamping one foot and the other, he defiantly assured us, by shouting “Never, in my time.”

“Never?” That’s a long time, Nick,” Gene added, very soberly. “And WE never forget. Say, old man, what kind of meat do you eat?” quizzed Gene. Nick did not reply. He just sauntered away.

The strike lasted a few weeks. Violence was in evidence, on the part of the mill owners, and finally the most militant men were shipped out of town, in a cattle-car. The strikers were defeated. However, it had an effect on the operators. It impressed them so that the working conditions were made better.

* * *

Time passed. Six years later the eight-hour day and good working conditions were gained, by the organized lumber workers of the I. W. W.

It was not until then that I had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with Gene.

After the eight-hour day was won the employers became very discriminating. They much preferred the 100 per cent Henry Dubb class of workers. The heralded, chimerical pro-Hun traitors, and the seditious were taboo.

This state of affairs forced many of us to change our names, and our occupation, and also to seek a change of climate.

This day I went to a sawmill seeking work. I never expected to see anybody I knew. Almost the first man I met was Gene.

“Hello, little man, looking for work? They kill off men like you here. When the boss comes ‘round, I’ll speak to him,” Gene proffered.

I landed a job on the chain. It was no sinecure, pulling panel boards, ceiling and flooring stock.

The second day on the job Gene came over and showed me how to handle lumber. The task was much easier after that. To those who have never visited one of these speeded-up, highly productive and electrically-driven sawmills, no idea of what this sort of work is like is conceivable. We can not use sufficient space here to portray the technique.

Time passed.

Gene was growing more cynical from day to day. It was now getting difficult for Gene to get a day’s work. He was considered a dangerous agitator and suspected of being disloyal to the flag “that follows the swag.” He was called a disturber, and the

100 percenters said he caused unrest among the workers.

Gene was a born militant, not to be muzzled, or even bridled. His wife had tried tentative methods, to no avail.

One day he asked me if I thought life was worth living.

"I am not a damn bit better off at home, now, than when I was employed as a longshoreman making fairly good money as compared with the mill slave. It is the same old squalor in the same old way. That damn slob is never at home. She imagines she is some bologna, hobnobbing with the babbits of this town that can't support a hat cleaner. Some day I'll snuff it out. This little old ball of mud will get along fine without me." Gene related rather lugubriously.

"May I ask, what about Johnnie and Sis?" I queried.

"Oh, they'll only grow up 100 per cent scissorbills, like their mother. She has already taught them to hate me." Gene answered acrimoniously.

"Well Gene, you asked me a fair question, and I will give you my answer by asking you a question," I countered.

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. It is also the historic mission of capitalism to do away with itself. Now, is life worth living?"

"Tomorrow is Sunday. Come over to the house and we will discuss the question," Gene replied.

Sunday came and I went over to Gene's place. On entering I saw that Mrs. Gene, Johnnie and Sis were getting ready to go out. I had met Mrs. Gene before. She is a fatuous, proteinaceous person, all of 250 pounds, with dog-salmon eyes. She is a member of all the lodges and orders attended by the small town upstarts, 100 percenters and other respectables. She believes in a "fair day's work," etc. In short, she is a veritable Mrs. Henry Dubb.

Johnnie and Sis, Gene's appellation for the two children are constantly under their mother's surveillance.

"I don't want Johnnie to grow up and be like his father," Mrs. Gene remarked, on one occasion.

"Hello, there. I s'pose you brought some of that Bolshevik literature with you?" She broached me sarcastically as I entered the house.

"No, not exactly," I replied. "But, as usual, I have some literature on Industrial Unionism."

As she left the house, Gene remarked: "See. That's an everyday occurrence. That's the last I'll see of them until midnight. Some life. But some day she'll have something else to do."

* * *

Gene and I discussed the question, "Is life worth living?" pro and con, until it was wearing late into the night, so we parted with a hearty handshake and a good-night.

All of my talk, of a persuasive nature, I could see had failed to impress Gene.

* * *

Several weeks later I met Gene, at his gate. He was ringing wet with sweat. He had been "working a boat," he said. A cold sleet was falling.

"See that?" he said, pointing to the house. "Here I am, cold and hungry, coming home to a cold house and nobody at home. This kind of thing is going to end, right now. The world will get along all o. k. without me."

"Well Gene, I am in a hurry," I announced, as I sped away to fill an appointment.

* * *

One morning, several months later, making a cursory perusal of the morning Blat, I came across this caption: "LONGSHOREMAN A SUICIDE."

My heart almost stopped beating. I thought of what Gene had often told me. On my way to work I stopped at the morgue. One glance at the quiet face, and I recognized Gene, still in death, his azure eyes closed forever.

On a stand, near the blood-stained rocking-chair, at his home, he had left a note. The wording was:

"Educate, and organize the women; then, the way to economic freedom will be easy.

"There is something bothering my head, and, being only a workingman, I am unable to consult a specialist. I can't keep up the fight longer.—Good-bye, all.

"The end of Life cancels all Bands."

—Shakespeare.

SIX 110 CATS OF 1834

(Continued from Page 12)

loyalty, and fair dealings among themselves, and resistance to wage cuts. The magistrates heard of the affair (no real secrecy was attempted) and posted notices forbidding the workers to organize, and issued warrants against any who unlawfully administered oaths. They did organize, and three days after the notices went up, the arrests were made—the two Loveless brothers, Grime, and three others. The trial was a frame-up; the country was in an uproar, all avenues of publicity were controlled by the ruling class, Parliament interfered, but only to encourage the judge to greater speed and rigor, and thus supported, the judge "threw the book at them," gave them the limit, and the Melbourne cabinet was enabled to announce to the joy of an applauding public opinion of capitalists and country squires that the six desperate unionists were on their way to Botany Bay in the good ship "Success."

Nowadays the "Success" is a museum, the last known relative of these early 110 delegates has died, and the Grand National Consolidated itself has given way to organization less spectacular and pretentious though more effective. But it is fitting and proper that workers who ride the freights of the Middle West in America, and line up threshing crews in the great wheat belt of the United States, and spend some time in jails like the one in Fargo, should remember that they are following in the trail of the "Six Men of Dorset," and that some honor attaches to these early unionists.

Drunkenness and Prostitution Are the Two Evil Ways in Which the Slaves of the Machine Attempt to Avoid Enforced Monotony and Enforced Celibacy.

From the Lower Depths

1. Magdalen's Defense

By COVINGTON AMI

"Wot'd I say, Judge,
To this Mrs. or Miss?
Well, I says, says I,
'Mrs. or Miss, wotever you iss
I'll just let you know
You ain't the whole show!
You're flashy but lazy!
You're loony an' loco an' crazy!
In spite o' your clothes,
An' your shiny silk hose,
It's evidenced that
Youse a wampus cat!
You ain't no lady!
Your ways is too shady!
You society beats
Keep off our streets!"
'At's wot I says,
Judge, 'at's wot I says.—
I'm a lady, your honor,—
My name?—It's O'Connor,—
Miss Magdalen Mary O'Connor.
Yea, 'at's wot I says.

HE WINED HER AND DINED HER



"Then she says, Judge, she says,
'O you shet up!
Or your eyes I will pet up!"—
'At's wot she says!
An' I says,
'You old painted slut,
You ain't got the gut!"
With which she comes screeching,
For my golden locks reaching;
But I socked her a wallop
'At turned the old doll up!
I kicked her an' clawed her,
I punched her an' chawed her;
I treated her tuf
Till she hollered, 'Enuf!"
'At's wot I done her,—
I made her some runner!—
'At's wot I says.

"The Judge?—
O, he soaked me,
He fined me an' broked me;
'At's wot he done,
The son of a gun.

"The 'Lady'?—
'Innercent,' says the Judge, 'I find
her.'—
An' then he took her an' dined her,
An' cooed her an' wined her, —
An' me in the Hole!—
Damn his old soul!

"Sweetie, honey
You got any money?
Thankee, Frankie."

2. The Mill Hand Speaks To the Mission Shark

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

I'm drunk, plain drunk—you bet your life I am!
And what is more, me friend, don't give a damn!

(Continued on Next Page)



NOBODY EVER SAW THIS

And I'll be drunker still afore I'm through—

And what the hell, I ask, is it to you?

I drew me pay jes' 'bout an hour ago,
Two fives, a ten, a two-spot, one, and so

For thirty-six hours from slavery
I've won the right by sixty to be free.

Ten hours the day and six long days
the week

I've labored like a slave, both hard
and meek;

Sweated and blistered by the furnace
door,
Inhaled the steamin' fumes of boilin'
ore;

Reeled tired from the modern steel
mills' hell,
To eat and smoke and rest me for a
spell;—

To eat the plain unwholesome com-
pany fare,
To smoke the twist they sell at prices
dear,

With weary limbs to sink upon a bed
Still dented with the lousy night
man's head;

To wake at morning with an aching
brow
And face the same distasteful mess
of chow

Left over from the meal the night be-
fore—
And then dig in and work ten hours
more.

You bet I'm drunk! and so would you
be too
If you had toiled the hours I've toiled
through.

Don't preach to me of heaven and of
hell,
Of poison whiskey and the devil's
spell,
Of manhood dyin' in the dives of sin,
Of missions with a lovin' God within,
Of souls you want to save for heaven
bright,—
For I can't bide your cant and shams
tonight.

It isn't tracts I need or platitudes,
But better housin', hours, better
foods,
And better pay, so that I can afford
To wed and have a home and find the
Lord
At my own fireside where children
play
And happy hearts are singin' all the
day.

Say! if you want the folks like me
Why don't you fight the greed and
tyranny

That makes us what we are? That
grinds, enslaves,
And sends us tainted to our pauper
graves?

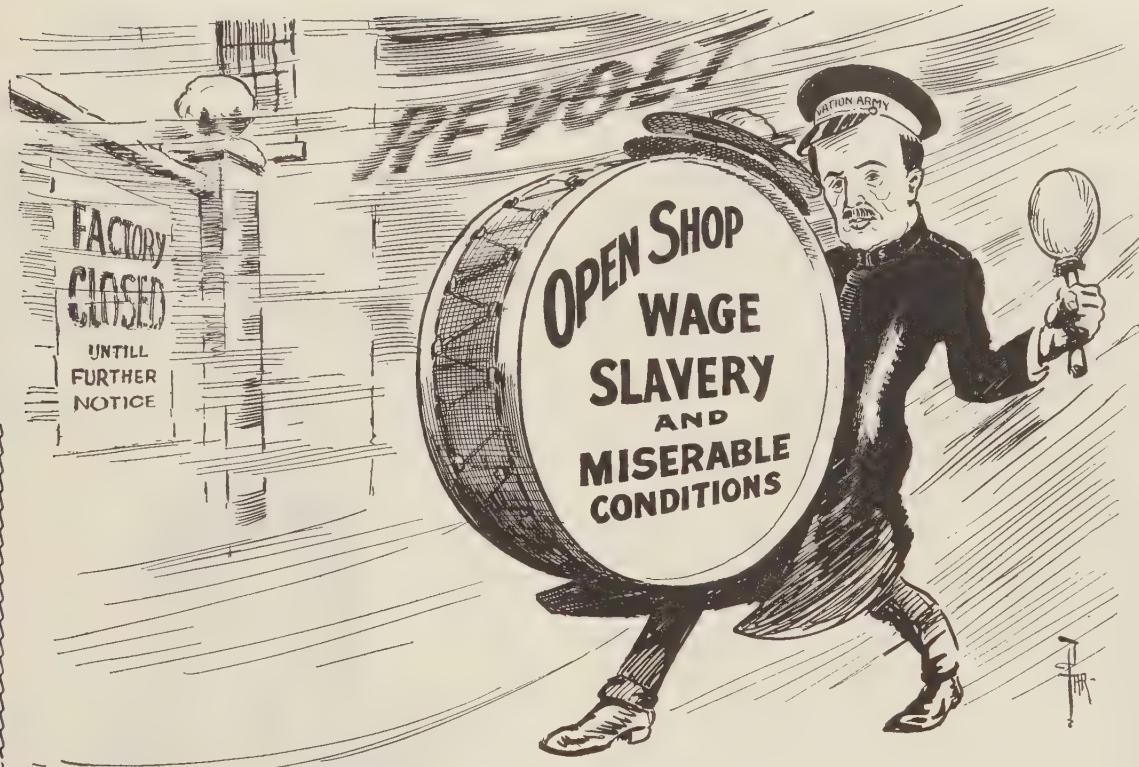
Why don't you fight the seed and not
the fruit?

The system that turns out the workin'
brute?

Why don't you try and stem the graft
and lust

Which trails poor men and women in
the dust?

(Continued on Next Page)



BUT ALL OF US CAN SEE THIS ANY DAY

Which turns the halls of wealth to
dens of vice?

Which high and low sells women for a
price?

Why don't—Ah hell! you know as
well as I
The things on every side of us that
lie!

You know the woes and miseries that
we stand,
The graspin' hands which seize and
mar the land,

The golden altars raised to Mammon
grim,
And of "Thy kingdom come ON
EARTH" of him,

Who preached against the things you
tolerate

And praise to all as bulwarks of the
state.

Don't talk to me of temperance and
all

When you yourself are shirking the
real call!

First go and win us Christianity—
(see note)

And then you lack not followers like
me!

NOTE: It must be understood that
in the above lines an average dis-
gruntled mill slave is voicing his senti-
ments and that the allusion to win-
ning Christianity must in no sense be
taken as an expression of the writer's
views.—H. G. W.



The Rise of Bill Jones

By ROBERT GRAYSON

BILL JONES was a "no good guy." All cities have lots of the type; every town has several; no village thrives without at least one specimen. But as there are various kinds of undesirables who circulate like bad money among the impeccable or real-thing population, it is incumbent upon us to classify this particular Bill.

He was a married man with a mangy brood. Bill was mangy himself, and the marriage estate fell lightly on his shoulders. His chief business was to loiter, to slouch through life at a minimum of effort either mental or physical, and at his chief business he became markedly successful with the passage of time. Lucy Jones kept the threshold clear of wolf tracks by endless wrestling with the soiled linen of more fortunate humans. Lucy took in washings for a living. It was a slim one, at that, but Bill seemed satisfied, and the children wallowed out a ragged existence.

Young Bill reached twelve. He seemed older than that when you looked at his face, pinched and worried and with eyes that were clouded. His body was undersized. Bill Sr. had been observing the peculiarity of maturity in his boy's countenance for some time with speculation wakening his dull brain. At last he thought that the time had come for Bill Jr. to go to work. Of course the boy had sold papers after school, and had done odd jobs during "vacations" for fully five years, but now the loving father believed it best that he should devote all of his time to gainful occupation.

Lucy fought against it, but she was already fatigued from her battle of the tubs, and she subsided just as limp as a sheer shirtwaist in the sudsy water. Young Bill was coached to lie about his age so that the authorities would present the needed working papers. He went to them, lied as directed, and marched home armed with the necessary credentials. Bill Jones smiled, settled himself in an armchair by the fire, and smoked. Lucy let a few tears drop into the suds, and their little world went on.

But when Bill tried to put Joseph, aged eleven, to work, the neighbors complained to the officials. The result was that Bill was haled before them and quizzed. Presently he was required to account for his own habitual indolence. Now, Bill was not any kind of genius, but fear of the workhouse lent fluency to his speech. He asked for a chance to redeem his past. So well did he appeal that it was granted. Thenceforth Bill Jones proceeded to follow the paths of respectability. More than this even: he chose the select course of all honored members of society.

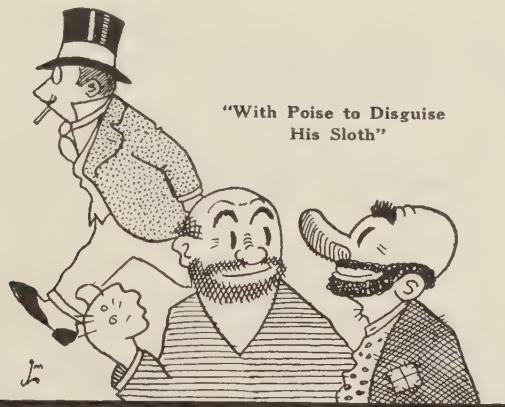
Withal he did not intend to change habits that were as much a part of him as the marrow of his bones. Bill decided to become a boss. He raised enough capital to buy a dozen wash-tubs and their corrugated affinities. Placing these ancient instruments for cleanliness at the cost of feminine torture in a shop along with soaps, washing powders



"Fatigued From Her Battle With The Tubs"

and the stove whereon water was to be heated, he was ready to hire help.

An advertisement brought, in a day or two, the working force. Other advertisements brought in the wash, and the suds began to fly. Lucy was allowed to quit her tub at home. Profits came in from the laundry and Bill Jr. returned to school. In a month the Jones family moved into a better



house. Later new furniture was purchased. The Jones brood got rid of the mange, young Bill lost his worried air and grew stouter.

All this caused the town to sit up and take notice. "What a wonderful change" had come over that man. Bill Jones of old, slouching, unkempt, now became **Mr.** William Jones, erect, well-dressed, with poise to disguise his sloth.

In a year he joined the local Chamber of Commerce, and became a Rotarian. Another year rolled around on the golden pivot and he was attending their convention. On the whole he was prospering splendidly, and the world was satisfied with the manner in which he had honored the pledge made to the authorities in the days of his shiftlessness. Indeed, not that the world about him often made the direct comparison any longer. William Jones was accepted as a success, and in our parvenu civilization the past is soon forgotten.

So Lucy Jones drew a veil of forgetfulness over the time of the tubs. She considered herself designed for another social set and took her place therein as the wife of a prominent business man. By the time she was considered as "belonging", Bill had learned how to wear evening clothes and to make after-dinner speeches.

The shop had been modernized and speeded up. Instead of a dozen workers he now employed a hundred. He had redeemed himself with a will. His fellow citizens were very proud of him. They looked eagerly for his greeting, and listened to his wise counsel. Seldom speaking, for the very good reason that he knew so little, he was regarded as very sagacious, and when he did speak his natural sluggishness made the words come forth with a ponderous, measured effect that passed universally for wisdom.

Now this yarn is getting to look like the happy ending of one of our screen stories. The resem-

blance is not consonant with our purpose and we must now set about drawing a moral that is sure to spoil a promising scenario that might well have been entitled, "The Reward of Ambition," or "The Rise of Bill Jones," either of which, with the proper movie wind-up, would send the crowd home all "pepped up" with ambition and resolutions to "get ahead."

Bill Jones as a loafer was not good to look upon. His conduct was reprehensible. He lived on the labor of one washerwoman, his wife. Then he added another breadwinner in the person of his boy. And when he tried to initiate a still younger son in the mysteries of wage slavery through the factory maw, it was with righteous indignation that the neighbors reported his conduct and had him summoned before the town fathers.

Bill Jones risen to **Mr.** William Jones, with twelve tubs going to capacity, enslaved twelve women and thereby extracted profits, surplus value, from their sweat. He abolished the home tub, rehabilitated his Lucy, brought the boy back to school. In the process he undoubtedly caused many other boys to quit school and go to work before the age specified by law.

If our estimate of the man is to be based on an arithmetical computation Jones still doing no useful work and living on the labor not only of two others but of many, becomes a number of times more guilty after his feet have taken the path of the solid citizen. But this view, seemingly patent, is still too obscure for the ordinary citizenry to compass. Instead of considering that the lesser culprit had become a greater parasite, he was honored and emulated. He became a community model, a person to boast about knowing and about having as a resident of the place. And in direct ratio to his success in business, which meant keeping wages down and profits up, the washerwomen suffered. But they suffered in the dim background, on a back street, while Lucy was in full view, emancipated, up on Main Street.

Jones escaped the taskmaster. We all want to escape. There is, however, a certain amount of work that must be performed. There can be no social justice that is not based on an equality of effort and a corresponding equality in the apportioning of the social products.

Whatever tends to bring such a state of industry into the world works for human welfare. It is the only real success worth talking about, organizing to attain, and fighting for. Whether in rubbing, scrubbing, playing or consuming, society must be revolutionized to include ALL.



The "Rain" of Colton and Randolph

At the Harrison Theatre, Chicago

SECOND ARTICLE IN THE "WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES

By ROSA A. KNUUTI

THE unexpected sometimes happens, even in the realm of the theatre. Here I've been nursing a chronic peeve about the maudlin piffle that is passed out to one ordinarily in the name of good drama. My grief has received a temporary setback, however—at least the wail has been taken out of the lamentation that there is nothing worth seeing at the theatres.

What with O'Neil's "Desire Under the Elms" prospering at the Schubert Princess, and Colton & Randolph's "Rain" pouring and patterning for large audiences at the Harris Theatre—it really seems as though the public is getting a chance at intelligent drama. The fact that plays of this caliber are prospering evinces that the average public after all is not incorrigibly stupid but is improving and can become reconciled to plays usually catalogued as "radical," and therefore unpopular.

Somerset Moughns' story "Miss Thompson," cleverly dramatized by Messrs. Colton and Randolph, belongs in this category. However, it cannot be said that "Rain" is not unpopular in the literary sense, for it has had a three-year successive run in New York City. But it is not for the Victorian, the sunday school mind; that is sure.

"Rain" is a good specimen of modern drama. The trend of the times with ever changing standards of the recognized human morals, demands art in keeping with the times. This is true about "Rain". Several years ago it would have been almost treason to display such a work of art before the public.

"Rain" Not Highbrow

The play is not a highbrow theme dealing with abstractions or far-fetched ideas, for its story is most ordinary and commonplace, and incidentally believable to the multitudes.

It belongs to no particular country or race; to no particular climate, although, its action takes place in a South Sea Island port where tropical rains menace the well being of its inhabitants and in the case of the story, the whites mostly. Circumstances granted, it could have taken place almost anywhere: in a western prairie town, or again in a New England fishing village for all of that—since we have underpaid women slaves and religious fanatics and reformers in all corners of the earth.

Which is what "Rain" is concerned with.

Story of Play

Sadie Thompson, a gone-to-the-dogs waitress from

Kansas and San Francisco, a fugitive from California justice by the way—drifts into the Port of Pago Pago. She is on her way to Sydney, Australia, and a possible chance to go straight, but the boat is quarantined at Pago Pago and throws her under the same roof with a Reverend Davidson, a missionary at the islands, and his wife.

The story tells of the hidden desires of this missionary who makes his religious ravings the only outlet for his suppressed emotions. (Please page Freud.) Sadie with her scarlet soul is a fitting object for his soul-saving aspirations. Indeed, he is consumed with a passion for soul salvation—particularly Sadie's. He goes after the girl with all the vengeance his holiness can muster, and he would have almost succeeded in rescuing her from old Nick if it hadn't been that the odds were against him from the start.

He hadn't figured that mother nature has a way of retribution for the violation of her laws, not any more than he had figured that putting "civilized" clothes on the bodies of the natives of Pago Pago would not put the fear of a Christian god into their pagan hearts. He cajoled and coerced them into "white" ways—godly ways—his ways. Gone were the wind gods, the tree gods, nature gods of the natives out of the path of the relentless and holy Reverend Davidson.

Yes, he was spiritual, this missionary, and so was his sex-starved wife, so much so, that they were spiritually wed, neither thereby having a decent incentive for a normal or natural life. Small wonder they put the lid on the native dances and festivals. Small wonder they in turn gained the hatred of everyone around them. Even jolly old Joe Horn, the white innkeeper with a native wife and an epicurian outlook on life hated these upenders. Had not he lived on the island with the blacks for a decade without trying to "civilize" them through the mission-work route? Instead he read Nietzsche to them, think of it—! Yes, he understood the conjugal feasts and dances of these savages so well that I had a sneaking suspicion he devoured a volume of Morgan's Ancient Society. Indeed, he might have repeated Marx's "Das Kapital" from memory, so rational and learned were his utterances.

But the missionary, I'll go back to him since the play concerns him most. Truly he was typical. Looked and acted like any member of the reverend tribe I had encountered in my day. Thanks to whoever was responsible for drawing the character.

Eyes popping out in the most demented manner and shaking his tousled mane as he blubbered incoherent platitudes on sin, punctuating each of his holy utterances with a peculiar lick of the tongue—he made a terrible picture. Even the monotonous cadence of his voice rising and falling with his gestures gave me the creeps. Uncanny, but typical. A veritable madman, fit only for a madhouse—such is the minister of “Rain.”

He uses all the tricks of the trade to mesmerize the little prostitute. He spellbinds her into a perfect symphony of frenzy. He not only frightens her into confession and apparent repentance, but makes her like the idea of going back to California and the can. He also acts as stoolpigeon, tattles on Sadie to the governor of the islands, and arranges

for her deportation to the States.

In the meantime, however, the holy spirit of the missionary has gone awry; it turns to very material flesh and blood, this spirit, and lusts for the body of the salvaged Sadie. This makes her come to. She realizes that her salvation is the bunk, which in turn drives the old hypocrite to wander out into the night and a tropical swamp and cut his throat. (Let them all do likewise). Which leaves Sadie again free to go to Sydney and “straight” or wherever she chooses.

Not a pretty tale this “Rain.” Rather strong and raw. But, luckily, it was not written to delight the audience but to interpret truthfully a very possible and commonplace happening in life.

Which is what we want. Don’t we?

Candidly Criticizing *Candida*

By ROBERT GRAYSON

Eminence in letters, like proverbial charity, serves to cover a multitude of sins. When distinction has been won even the weirdest errors in literary workmanship and the most crooked psychological constructions pass the critical perception unscathed. The successful writer nears an untouchable estate. Under protection of this tabu some queer liberties are indulged. It is said that once the literary artist is accepted and his place is secure he can dig up much rubbish and find a clamoring market eager for the inferior wares. Struggling in his novitiate a writer enjoys none of these advantages. He is obliged to start from the scratch, as it were, and to compete under closest scrutiny. Let him hold up the unreal, the improbable, as life’s mirror in an age so exacting that it tends to reduce all possible to a quantitative basis for analysis, and straightway censure falls on his head. All of which is good for his training, preventing carelessness. But why not keep critical eyes centered also on those who have achieved greatness? For them even more meticulous assaying should be reserved. They set the literary standards and make the classics of tomorrow.

Which prefacing brings me around to G. Bernard Shaw. Unquestionably this canny Irish writer has enriched contemporary literature. He has by dramatic genius won his spurs. Whenever he writes the world of readers pays attention, for we have come to expect something worth while whenever he breaks silence. This habit has grown on us, and we have not considered his gradual approach to dotage. The latest of his plays, “Back to Methuselah” and “Saint Joan” bear this out. They are full of mystical poppycock, and the less we say about them now the better. Incidentally, the latter was reviewed in this magazine last March. It is not these works which stir my ire, for senility may be forgiven much. An earlier production, “Candida,” enjoys a perennial success. Seeing it played some

years ago I found nothing in it. The universal chorus of encomiums the drama aroused caused me to read the text several times and to attend another of its performances. What seemed nourishing, palpable, to the audiences left me unsatisfied. Then I made a decision: “Candida” failed to nourish me because it had no meat. It is sweet, no doubt, but a sugar-teat has the same quality and will not appease an adult appetite.

This declaration is to the Shavian what “To hell with the pope” is to the Catholic, and having committed the heresy I must advance my case against “Candida,” a production by Shaw neither in his maturation nor dotage.

The modern demand of the novel or drama makes probability a first essential. Situations must develop with an inevitability as peculiar to realism as it was negligible in romanticism. It has been truly said that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Let one link in the chain of events composing the drama be weakened by the unreal, the improbable, and the requisite inevitability is gone. The chain is sundered.

Wit, humor and poetry, however sparkling, penetrating or fairly imaged can not rescue a drama from failure—at least as a work of art a true representation of a page or pages from life as it is—with this inevitability lacking. “Candida” reveals this deficiency. It is a discord of no minor degree, but occurs in the major theme. Indeed its presence carries the play along for several acts to a finale almost lurid. We do not dissent when the eighteen-year-old poet learns to love Candida who is thirty. Freudian sophistication and the Oedipus complex carry that part to credulity. For her part, Candida was simply warming her heart in the sunlight of the young poet’s passion. She was playing. Thus far perfectly natural.

But the husband. He is a clergyman, forty years

old, practical and pugnacious. A forward-looking man who reads Karl Marx and should have better sense than he displays in this affair. He is a solid person, more likely to protect a wife and provide for her wants than to be demonstrative in affection. So the poet's praise and adoration were a lark and sweetmeats for *Candida*. Early in the play the poet confesses to the parson that he loves his wife. The boy is effeminate, impractical, penniless and homeless. He has quit his home because of family friction and is the minister's guest. Yet this aggressive minister, manly, rugged, worldly-wise, with a "living," takes the boy with utmost seriousness.

When he trembles through the rest of the play lest *Candida* lose her heart to the boy, the play totters. Credulity is being pushed too far. But when finally he very dramatically orders her to make a choice between them, the "rival" being present, the drama falls down flat. In life the poet would have been assisted, more or less decorously, to the sidewalk as soon as he blurted out his feelings to the husky husband. Thereafter life within would have gone on as though there had never been this interlude of a poet's pretty phrases humming in a wife's ears.

The play was recently revived in New York and still more recently in Chicago. As usual the critics

discussed the art of the actors and not that of the playwright. Even so astute a dramatic critic as George Jean Nathan in his review had nothing to say of this absurd business I have been analyzing. In justice to Shaw, however, it must be said that *Candida* is quite sensible in her choice. She dismisses the adolescent worshipper and turns to the keeper of the altars, for he is a Good Provider and *Candida*, being a healthy goddess and a woman, must have material gifts. She eats and wears clothing, she must have proper shelter and entertainment. All these cost money. Life is safe with her so long as she has the minister. Hence the poet, so rich in words and so poor in pocket, never really had a chance, and the parson should have known it. Still where would the play be had he acted with common sense?

The defects I have indicated must be apparent to many others and often their failure to name them can be traced to timidity. They are not quite sure. Shaw is admittedly great. Something must be wrong with them and not with the dramatist. Then, too, he has a way of saying things that is excellent. Still, I contend that "*Candida*" is psychologically false, and lacking the inevitability which distinguishes the best in modern drama from the fanciful of other eras, no amount of interpretative talent can compensate for this want.

Confessions of a Cockroach

(Continued From Page 13)

on to him some way. We do not want to become absorbed in him. He is so unrefined.

We are a mendacious pack. We talk glibly about the awfulness of waste. Yet on the street where I live there are eleven drug stores in seven blocks. They are open early and late. They are tenanted by about ten times as many of my fellow cock and hen roaches as are really needed to hand out a few pills and powders to the people. Do you think for a moment that we would sell patent medicines and kindred junk to the dear people if we had any idea that we were trying to live a life of honesty and truth? Certainly not. We say many things, not because they are true but only because they are expedient.

But the druggist domain of the Cockroach Clan must not be considered as being worse than the grocery, shoe or clothing domains. In every branch of distributive activity there are at least ten of us cockroaches trying to do the work of one. Stores, stores, stores, all manned and womaned by us who love the working class, as gulls love fish and wolves love sheep. We hang on to the back of labor like poisonous vines on a tree for no other purpose than to escape the stigma of honest work.

For all that we are an unhappy brood. The future has no great prospect for us. We feel that our children will not be able to follow in our footsteps, because the big roaches higher up continually kick our feet from under us. We therefore try to chase our

boys into the professions. This degenerates these more intellectual aspects of human activity into mere adjuncts of the marts of trade. Our influence has changed the healing profession into an operation trust, and the legal profession into an Ananias Club. Our influence upon art and religion is that of a miasmic plague. We actually try to give our stupidity a scientific aspect. We establish schools of salesmanship where we teach the black art of persuading people to buy what they do not want, never use and cannot afford.

Production is strictly against our religion as cockroaches. Our creed may be summed up in these words:

We love our country,
Respect its flag,
Talk about service
And grab the swag.

In short, a cockroach is a microbe which thrives in the sores on the social body. This ought to be prefaced with an apology to the microbe. The microbe is no blood relative to its host. In a word, as a cockroach I am below the microbe in character, in that I have the effrontery to call my victims "brothers." But when these boasted brothers seek to better their conditions by striking for a little more of their product, then of course I at once come out in my true character, and fight on the side of those whom I envy, but must obey.



Liberals Criticizing Capitalism

(Book Review)

"Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil, See No Evil"

The J. B. Lippincott Company publishes a trilogy in their series in sociology. Dr. Edward Cary Hayes, the editor of the series, explains how it works; he tells us "the plan of action." First there is the book by Professor Seba Eldridge on "Political Action," which proves that merely voting good laws and electing good men to office cannot cure many of the admittedly bad spots in present society. Then comes Professor Pitirim Sorokin, one of Kerensky's followers, a Menshevik, professional hanger on of the petty bourgeois, as the author of "The Sociology of Revolution," in which he tells how all revolutionists must be crazy, because of the way they act. It is incidentally let out that the said Sorokin was thrown out on his ear, so to speak, when the Kerensky government collapsed. Hayes says this book of Sorokin's will "make those who are ready to turn toward revolution as the only hope of fundamental progress revolt with horror from the thought and regard stagnation mitigated by revolution as a formula no more acceptable than the ancient 'tyranny mitigated by assassination.'"

The third person in this Trinity is Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller with a book called "Races, Nations and Classes," and he, of course, in the opinion of Lippincott's editor, "comes forward with the thesis that force is as impotent to establish order among heterogeneous groups as it is to secure progress, and that order as well as progress must be based upon agreements, upon states of mind, upon established opinions, sentiments, aims, that operate, if not in unison, at least in harmony. . . . And progress need not resort to the destructive expedient of revolution. Social changes resemble the transformation of the winter landscape in spring, not the action of blasting dynamite. . . ."

We don't want to call any editor of Lippincott's a liar, so we will just assume that Hayes hasn't read the book that Miller wrote. For "Races, Nations and Classes" certainly doesn't defend any such thesis. It hardly touches at all on social changes, the shift from one form of society to another. There are a few scattered references to the class war, which is entangled with the suppression of the Jews and the Negroes, and a bare passing mention or two of

trade unions, the I. W. W., and the Bolsheviks (none of which he can possibly know much about, as we shall prove). There is one short chapter on "The Class Conflict," which states that the suppression of labor consists largely in its having to do uninteresting work, and that the proper thing to have instead is "Industrial Democracy." That is fine, as far as it goes, only Miller neither defines "Industrial Democracy," nor tells how it is to be achieved. He does not even tell us about "the transformation of the winter landscape in the spring." He merely leaves it an empty phrase.

It is just as well that Miller does leave the labor problem pretty much alone, for his opinion of the class war is that it all springs from no deeper a source, no more fundamental an interest, than the injured egotism of a group which feels itself despised and suppressed, bossed and ordered around, and made to run machinery. He seems to have no conception of a real and material injury, nor of the fact that the workers produce the wealth and do not get it. When he discusses particular phases and groupings of the labor movement, he quickly betrays the shallowness of his research in that field, and likewise the fact that he does not know it is shallow. Thus, in the same sentence in which he makes a sweeping and dogmatic assertion about the Bolsheviks (page 164) he states, "Their name is derived from the fact that they aimed directly at the maximum demands of their program, rather than at the gradual attainment of such goals as seemed practicable. . . ." Leaving the matter of the Bolshevik theory entirely aside, it is evident from Miller's own words that he has certainly not even a slight acquaintance with the history of the party, or he would know that the name "Bolshevik" refers to an incident at a party congress a few years ago, and has no reference to the "fact" he states. But this does not keep him from sweeping judgments about the Bolsheviks, as we said before, and it certainly does not keep us from becoming instantly suspicious of Mr. Miller's method in general.

In the case of the I. W. W., Miller repeats, uncritically, and obviously without real investigation, Carlton Parker's statement that the I. W. W. is psychopathic. He considers that something to our credit, because if we are not a little crazy, then in

**Pluralism
Views
The Nations**

his opinion we must be very wicked. To quote Miller, ". . . before Carlton Parker, the I. W. W. were considered perverse instead of psychopathic" (page 34). And again: "Carlton Parker showed that the extreme radical who belonged to the I. W. W. was the product of psychologically abnormal conditions. They were, he said, homeless, loveless, and voteless . . . and found a substitute in the social radicalism of the I. W. W."

Perhaps we should not be too harsh on Carlton Parker; he began to investigate the I. W. W. at a time when psychology was not nearly so far advanced as at present, and he made a sort of primitive psycho analysis of several wanderers belonging to our unions, at least a few of whom were government stool pigeons of the Townsend variety, and he judged the I. W. W. as a whole, from them. But it is very unscientific for Miller to go on repeating this decision of Parker's as though it were one of the laws of nature.

Well, if Miller's book is not after all a solution of the problem of classes, what is it? It is a collection of observations, neither new nor very startling, but conveniently compiled, in a single handy volume, on the problem of national patriotism, imperialism, and the results of national suppressions.

Miller points out very well the schemes used by imperialist powers to divide and split up subject nations, and to eliminate their culture and language, and religion, if they have any. He does not excuse the American imperialists either, and shows how Americanization is applied in the United States, in exactly the same spirit that Russification was applied in Finland and the Ukraine by the Russian monarch, or in the same way that the Japanese have tried to Japanify Korea. And in just the same way, in each case the young nationalism, whether of American immigrants or of subject countries, rallies around something; the Catholic Church was the point of resistance of the Irish; infidelity and skepticism and the Sokol were the point of resistance of the Czechs (with whom the author seems to have an especial sympathy); language was the chief point on which the Hungarians based their resistance of Austria, and the first thing they tried to suppress among some of their own subject nations.

It is this wealth of illustration, and succinct description of similar practices all over the world, among imperialists and the similar attempts of the subject people to rally around some particular outstanding fortress of prejudice in every empire, that gives the book its value.

As soon as Miller leaves the familiar ground of objective description, and begins to theorize, the trouble starts again, and he is betrayed by his professional class optimism into such pious misapprehensions as this: "The example of England's finally yielding something to Ireland is a precedent for herself in other relations which will affect India and China" (page 183). England's brutal slaughter of

the Chinese strikers in Shanghai ought to be sufficient answer. England (the British capitalist government) yields to force, and to nothing else. The Irish revolution and the Irish agitation in the United States were getting to be too destructive and expensive for England—and that was how the Irish question was settled.

Hardly more need be said about Miller's hope (same page) that "In fact, the recent Washington conference witnessed the acceptance in principle of a new world attitude towards China. It is being demonstrated that the domination of empire can be yielded." Well, it is being demonstrated in China, as well as in Syria and Morocco, that if you bump off your masters, you can go free—but that was known before the Washington conference, which last was only an unsuccessful attempt among the imperialists to divide the swag with less fuss and fury.

Nationalism, according to the author, is the strongest of all loyalties among men, and religion, and language, and distinctive culture are very much subsidiary, and are seldom allowed to interfere with it. The main thesis of the book seems to be an attempt to propound a solution for the problem of nationalist hatreds, and the solution proposed is much vaguer than the analysis of the problem, and resembles the "solution" in the case of class war.

It consists, so far as I can see, in advocating a policy of "live and let live." One culture is not proved worse than another, by either intelligence tests (which are useless until much improved), or any other kind of test, and most of them at least, are needed in the world to give richness and variety to human experience. So one nation **ought not** to oppress another. And that is all.

It is something like saying there ought to be industrial democracy. It is a statement that will not challenge much opposition, but the question arises—how? Just as the means of trusts, when it thinks it can get away with it, promulgates company unions and announces that the dawn of industrial democracy is at hand, so your Hundred Percent American will agree heartily with this part of Miller's book, and tell you how he helps the inferior races, instead of hindering them. Miller, of course, may mean real democracy—but if he does he fails to say just what will make Gary turn the mills over to the workers, or just how the Syrians will get the French to leave, any other way than by revolution.

Miller would not agree with what I am about to say, but I think it can be proved: the good doctor's refusal (stated in the introduction to his book) to accept the materialistic conception of history is itself one of the best bits of evidence possible of the general confusion of Miller's method and conclusions. He rejects it on grounds that show he does not understand it, and announces himself a Pragmatist, instead. Now Pragmatism is a very dangerous philosophy for a superficial investigator to hold, for it rationalizes a tendency to set down the facts

without digesting them. It holds a suspicion of all explanations in general terms of fundamental bases, and at the same time—since man **must** generalize in order to think at all, it allows him to generalize from the surface phenomena, to offer pluralistic explanations, uncritically, and with generalizations that fit the whole circumstance only partially. And after this has been done, it allows him to defend these partially inapplicable generalizations against charges of inconsistency with certain facts by saying that science is very diverse, and we must be pluralistic in our outlook, etc., meaning that no generalization can fit anyway, and that one is as good as another. This is skepticism with a mask on; this is Nihilism—and the result is no science at all, but a mass of facts and alleged facts which may be useful and may not be useful, but certainly are not explained.

A perfect short example of this pragmatic error is contained in another of Miller's works (*Science, Pseudo-Science and Race—“The World Tomorrow,” November, 1925—reprinted in part from “The Crisis”*), in which he says, “Economics is one of the worst scientific offenders in its particularism. Economic determinism and the economic interpretation of history assume that the economic urge is the only one.”

As far as the statement about the economic (materialistic?) interpretation of history is concerned, it is almost too silly to answer. Those who have forgotten will find the classical statement of the theory in the preface to Karl Marx's *“Critique of Political Economy,”* and will see there that the argument, in essence, is that social systems, governments, and to a lesser degree and indirectly, attitudes toward and expressions of art, religion, philosophy, etc., are based on the way in which the people make their living, and that when this basis changes, the attitudes and systems change too. If Miller had considered his facts about workers, nationalities, etc., in the light of this theory, he would have found it illuminating, and would not have made the peculiar blunders which we have mentioned above. He would then have ceased to naively expect that it would do any good for him to tell people that they ought not to be so chauvinistic. He sees all right that the press and mediums of propaganda are in the hands of the wealthy, he would then see that the wealthy of one nation, finding themselves in a life and death struggle with capitalist groups of other nations, **must** drum up continual war, or perish. He sees that the capitalists stir up national passions against workers of other nationalities and against radicals, while practicing internationalism themselves; if he studied the material basis, the source of life of the

bourgeois class, he would see that this same hypocrisy has been inherent in them from the beginning, and is as natural to them as water to a duck. He sees that countries long suppressed like Ireland and Bohemia are suddenly developing a tremendous pitch of national consciousness and breaking away from their imperial masters, and that other nations like Italy and Germany have recently coalesced, and he flounders around hunting for reasons for this phenomenon; a study such as would be suggested by the economic interpretation of history would have shown him that the nations are products of capitalism; the budding merchandising aspect of it produced dynastic monarchies, the full blown capitalism created the “democratic” state, and imperialism of capital brings political empire in modern times. At all times capitalism remodels the state boundaries to suit its needs. When struggling for existence, it makes an ideal of nationality because of the need for communication and the emphasis on it, which means a national language. After that, imperialism is the keynote, and capital seeks subject countries, where markets can be monopolized by tariff walls, etc., and where raw materials of industry can be extracted. This is the peculiar basis of nationalistic imperialism, as distinct from dynastic, or from feudal imperialism. But it builds up capitalism in the subject countries, and finally they start in the cycle again, with independence movements. The anger, the rage, the “pathology,” as Miller calls it, of these independence movements is not to be exorcised by some kind of Freudian psycho-analysis of the situation that does not take into account that capitalist groups will perpetuate and must perpetuate nationalistic clashes, and must extort profit from the wage slaves, if they are to survive.

Of course, if you do take this deduction into account, you are forced to admit that the only cure is revolution, and that would demoralize Lippincott's trilogy.

RACES, NATIONS and CLASSES (The Psychology of Domination and Freedom), by Herbert Adolphus Miller, Ph. D. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in *Industrial Pioneer* for January, 1926)

TOLERANCE, by Hendrik Van Loon, Boni and Liveright, New York.

DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson, Boni and Liveright, New York.

IDO (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language), by Luther H. Dyer, Pitman & Sons, London.



W O B B L E S



ECCLESIASTES TEACHES UNIONISM

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him who is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up, and if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

* * *

THIS ONE FROM CARL DEGNER

"I happened to get within just a few feet of the President of the U. S. A. and Mrs. Coolidge when they were in my town. Some woman next to me, whom I had never seen, was evidently so excited at being so near the President that she turned to me and said, 'Oh, is my hat on straight?'"

* * *

During the war when the "work or fight" law was on the books, a contractor was running wild, looking for men to work. He spied a comfortable, unhurried sort of an individual walking along the railroad track, and rushed up to him, demanding, "What are you doing idle? Can't you do anything with a shovel?"

"Sure can," said the man. "I can fry ham on it."

—C. D.

—○—

MORE RELATIVITY

State Patrol: "Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

Motorist: "I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

State Patrol: "What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut."

Fanny, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father. "Papa, does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.
"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?"

SIGN OF LUNACY

A visitor to an insane asylum saw a guard in charge of about a hundred inmates who were out for exercise. The visitor inquired of the guard if he was not afraid of being attacked by one of the lunatics.

"No; I can lick any of them," the guard answered.

"Yes, but suppose they all attacked you?"

"No chance of that," said the guard. "Crazy people never organize."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

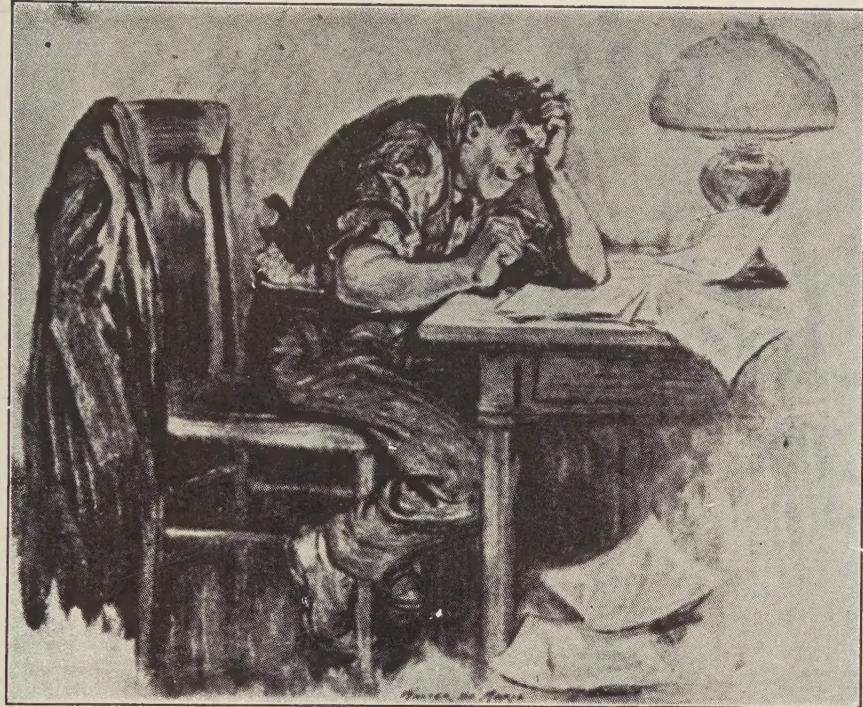
At a conservative estimate about ten thousand Wobs have made the can in the last ten years. And Thomas Mott Osborne, most noted of authorities on prisons and prison life, has said: "Generally speaking, prisoners are on a higher plane than the general run of the public."

—○—
"Foreign Devils"—that's what 100 per cent Chinamen call 'em.

"Damn Foreigners"—that's what 100 per cent Americans call 'em.

Ain't it nice to think oneself so much better than everybody else on earth?

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(Finnish)

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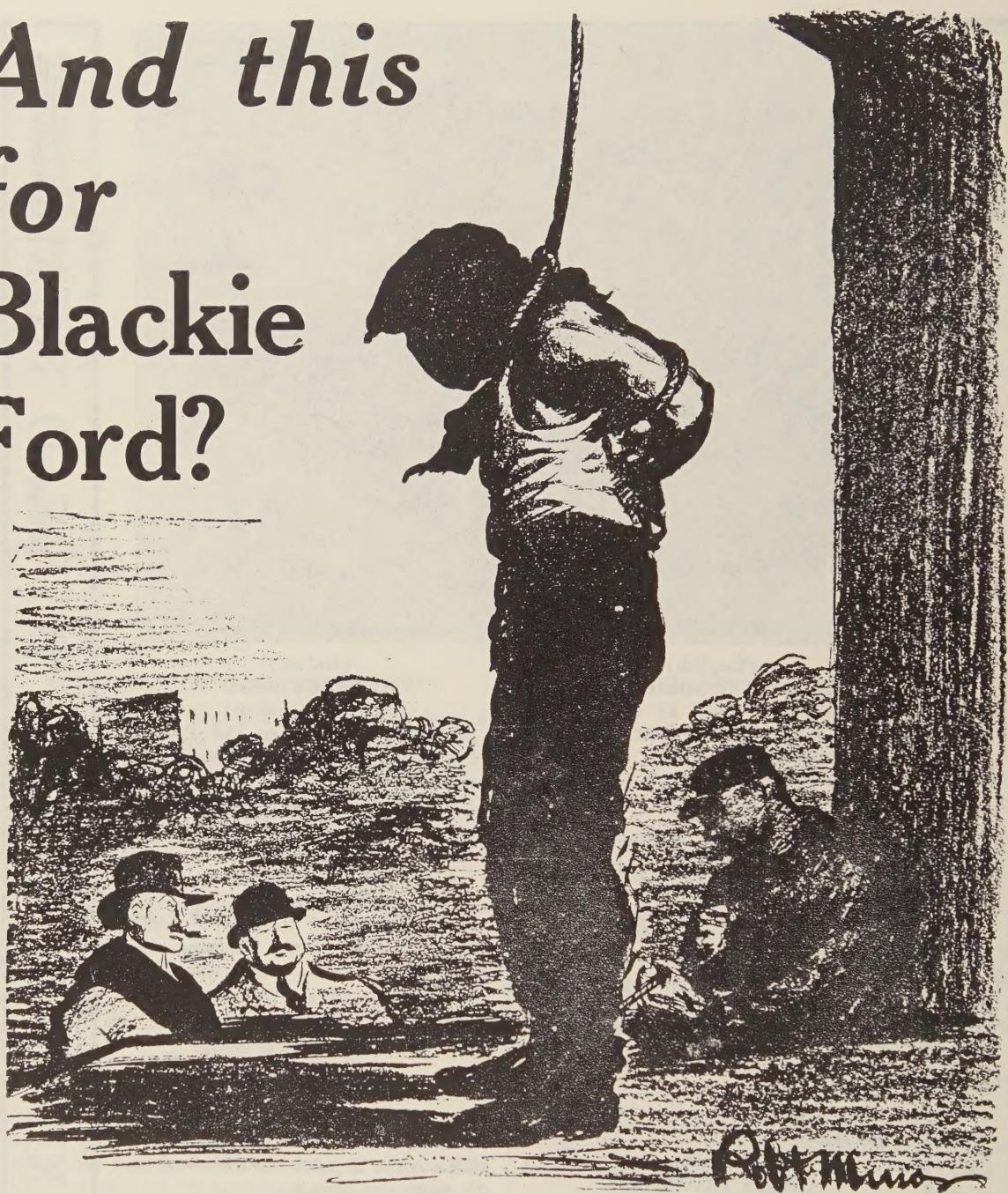
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(The Industrialist)

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